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# **THE IMPARTIAL KNIFE**

**by PETER PARIS**

PETER PARIS is the pseudonym for a young aspiring doctor just graduated from a London hospital who decided to start practice where he was most needed—in the Nicosia General Hospital in Cyprus. From the wealth of his experiences, he has written a fast, lively and extremely thoughtful book about Cyprus during the last year of the British occupation. Mr. Paris saw life in the rough there as he tried to keep alive the victims of both Turkish and Greek terrorists. His love and appreciation of the people—both Greek and Turkish Cypriots—gave him a perspective on this strategic little island that is England's nearest base to Russia. This is a doctor and a humanitarian speaking. His writing, both thoughtful and often wryly amusing, vividly evokes the life of the people and their war-torn island.

*Jacket design by Larry Lurin*

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PETER PARIS

*The Impartial Knife*

A DOCTOR IN CYPRUS

DAVID McKAY COMPANY, INC.

New York

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MANUFACTURED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

VAN REES PRESS • NEW YORK

*To*

MY FATHER & MOTHER

*and to*

J. R. P. O'BRIEN

*and*

DAVID A. MACFARLANE





THE IMPARTIAL KNIFE



# 1

"EOKA has blown up the National Lottery!"

The message was passed down from passenger to passenger, a titbit of information to while away the journey. The airplane buzzed like a silver bee over the garden of Europe, with the Mediterranean shimmering below like an ornamental lake, and dropped down to the waterflower of Malta, and later Cyprus.

In the front of the plane was a man with light-blue eyes and a deep tan. He told me he had been a pianist at the English club in Kyrenia, a town on the north of Cyprus, and had just been in England on holiday. I asked him why he was going back to the island.

"Well, it is a beautiful place and I like the life. Swim or fish all day, play piano in the club at night—and I like the people."

"What about the troubles?"

"Oh, that's nothing to worry about. Anyway, it's all over now."

"You heard that they have blown up the National Lottery?"

"Yes. It was probably only some poor bastard after a bit of spare cash. Don't be put off. Cyprus is a good place."

There was a pretty girl with dark hair and gold bracelets curled up asleep like a kitten on her seat. A youngish man beside her read notes from a portfolio.

"That's Lord Strabolgi," he said. "Labor peer. And take your eyes off the girl, mate, it's his wife."

The plane was held back at Malta because of *favorable* winds—with the wind assisting us we should arrive in Cyprus too early.

On the second half of the trip I had a burly customs official for company, also returning to the island after leave. I told him I was a newly qualified doctor going to work at the Nicosia General Hospital: he knew it well, one of the English nursing sisters there was his girl friend, and he told me all about the place. He too was very happy in Cyprus and looking forward to spending another tour of duty there. This cheerful man sang Greek and Irish songs while I went to sleep.

I was wakened later by a change in the pitch of the engines. It was five-thirty in the morning and light was coming in the windows as the plane started to descend; there, in the gray light before dawn, stretched out like a colored atlas on the steel-blue sheet of the sea, was the whole island—Cyprus, my home for the next year. It was St. Patrick's Day, 1958.

As we came down dawn broke; with astonishing speed the sun rose and flooded the Eastern Mediterranean with color, blocking in mountain masses with bright planes and dark counterfaces, pointing up ridges: a crossword of postage-stamp fields, green squares and red squares appeared neat and sharp-edged, with the white dot of a cottage gleaming, or villages, like showers of blossom, prinking the curving tendrils of the roads.

"Fasten your safety belts, please. No smoking. We are arriving at Nicosia Airport. You will be asked to declare any weapons you may be carrying."

Bump. Down. We taxied across the airport and stopped. Someone came and sprayed us with antimalarial disinfectant.

We had come two thousand miles to the Middle East. The

first sight that greeted me outside the plane was an elegant young man, city suit, soft curly-brim hat, umbrella, gloves and old school tie standing nonchalantly, at six o'clock in the morning, on the tarmac.

"That's Thistlethwaite," said my companion, "the Governor's A.D.C. Probably come for the Strabolgis. Hi! Thistlethwaite!"

Thistlethwaite raised an eyebrow.

Lord and Lady Strabolgi led us off the plane and Thistlethwaite took them through the V.I.P. exit to the customs, thus avoiding the formalities, while I took my baggage to the Security Counter.

"Explosives, firearms or other weapons, sir?"

My traveling companion said, "Oh, he's all right," and I also walked past without being examined.

Months later the baggage of an R.A.F. officer exploded as it was about to be loaded on a Comet, injuring ten men. That officer's baggage had not been examined either, and I remembered how I had got through.

When I left the customs the first of the queue of Cypriots was still being examined.

I went straight to the hospital and rang the front-door bell. It was just six o'clock in the morning.

The Nicosia General Hospital was the only big civilian hospital on the island. It was run by the Cyprus government, that is, by the British Administration, for all sections of the people, and its services were free, or nearly so.

Nicosia is the capital of Cyprus and is near the center of the island, the only large town to be inland; the other five towns are all distributed round the coast.

There had been trouble on the island for four years, caused by the organization of Greek-speaking Cypriots, EOKA, led by "Dighenis," the nom de guerre of the Greek Army colonel,

George Grivas. However, at the time I arrived there had been an uneasy half-truce for some months. EOKA was supposed to be fighting for the political union of Cyprus with Greece—ENOSIS; Britain had offered various alternative political suggestions, but these had not been accepted by EOKA. The Greek-Cypriot national and religious leader, the young Archbishop Makarios, who had been exiled by the British to the Seychelles islands, had now left there and was living in some splendor in Athens.

Four fifths of the population of Cyprus speak a language similar to Greek and belong to a church akin to the Greek Orthodox. One fifth are Muslims speaking Turkish left over from the occupation of the island by the Ottoman Empire, which only ceased when the British took over in 1878. There are also minority groups apart from the British, like the Armenians, exiles from the Russian revolution and Turkish massacre, and Maronites—an old Catholic religious sect.

The Nicosia Hospital reflected this. Patients, nurses and doctors were a mixed bag of Greek, Turk, British and Armenian. There was no separation (at that time) by race: a British doctor might, say, be treating a Greek who had blown himself up preparing a bomb to throw at the British; Greek nurses would tend a Turkish patient that Greek surgeons had operated on.

The hospital accepted the sick and the wounded civilians for most of the island, but British forces had their own hospital.

Why had I come to Cyprus at all?

For a confusion of reasons. In the first place I loved *Greece*—probably better than the Greeks love it themselves. During my National Service I had been sent to Greece, toward the end of the civil war there; at first in an infantry regiment in

the hills of Macedonia and later as a junior officer in Athens. There the beauty of the country and the open way of life had seduced me into being a lover of Greece; and there also I had learned, as most National Servicemen do, how stupid an organization an army can be.

It was also there that I saw what war can mean; one whole village—Khortiatis, babies, men, women and children, from the ages of 0 to 104—had been murdered by the Germans during the occupation in World War II as a mass reprisal, and were all buried in one roofless, windowless cottage overgrown by grass and weeds. The walls of this cottage were flanked by simple tombstones, one to each family, each tombstone inscribed with twenty to thirty names with ages. Only the young men and the middle-aged men were missing from the stones: they were fighting in the hills when the Germans arrived to massacre cold-bloodedly their defenseless ones at home.

After my National Service I returned to England and became a medical student at a university well known for its liberal ideas. As I neared the end of the long medical course the Cyprus question blazed across the world, and reading the liberal newspapers one became convinced that Britain was, once more in her history, being reactionary, imperialist and oppressive. My blood is Irish; the case, if not the cause, of Cyprus seemed only too close to that of Ireland forty years ago.

A love for freedom, a love for Greece, hatred of war and contempt for armies: these were some of the reasons for my going to Cyprus, as a very new doctor indeed.

I rang the bell of the hospital again.

Nobody answered; I rang a third time until, with a rattling of chains, the door opened and a bleary face appeared.

"I'm the new doctor," I said.

"Please?"

"I'm the new doctor."

"Go away; come later."

It had been a long journey. I pushed past him and put my bags in the hall. There were three people sleeping on the hall porter's desk, who awoke as I came in. One of them said, "Can I help?"

I said: "Yes. I'm the new doctor."

"I do not know about you."

"Well, I wrote a letter."

"Come and see Dr. ———, the superintendent, at eight o'clock."

I took out a notebook to write down the name. "What did you say?" I asked.

He said, "Nothing," and started to back away from me.

"No. What did you say just now?"

"Nothing. I said nothing." He shook his head, still backing away, with an ingratiating smile on his face. "Not speak English."

"But you spoke just now."

"Not speak English!"

Later I discovered that it was the notebook that did it. When I pulled it out he thought I was a plain-clothes policeman come to investigate. After all, what doctor arrives unannounced at six o'clock in the morning? But, for that matter, what had he to hide from a policeman?

An old night watchman called me. "Doctor, you come." He found me a room to shave in, and some Turkish coffee and biscuits. He was a chubby kind man, who did not care if I was a policeman or not. He just saw I was tired.

"Doctor, me George," he said in a rich kindly voice.

"Hello, George."

"Doctor, me two wives, many, eight, nine children. You?"

I was not used to personal questions, but I said I had no



wives and was uncertain about the number of children. George laughed in an operatic tenor. "I see, doctor. You choke with me?"

He was the first example of Cypriot openness and hospitality, much of which I was to experience later, as the other man was the first instance of suspicion and fear.

There was nobody else who could help me in the hospital until the nameless superintendent arrived at eight o'clock, so I decided to go out. I turned round the corner—and stepped smartly back again. Pointing straight between my eyes was a Bren gun.

A Bren gun inside a hospital, aiming down the main corridor! I put my head round the corner and saw near the gun a British soldier fast asleep. I tiptoed quietly down the corridor and past him, out of the hospital, as I did not want him to wake up and fire at me by mistake as I was going by. I found a tree in the grounds, sat down and went to sleep. Already the sun was making the day warm, and my dream was of the island becoming stranger as I met it.

At eight o'clock I met the superintendent of the hospital. He was not expecting me, as he had not received my letter saying I was coming; a year later, when I left, he had still not received it. He outlined my duties. For the first six months I would work in the medical department under the senior consultant physician, Dr. J. O'Neill Gillespie, M.D., M.R.C.P., D.P.M. I would also run the blood transfusion service twice a week and, similarly twice a week, would work in the casualty department.

My pay for this was somewhat less than a pound a day. He then introduced me to the matron, Miss Aziz, a gentle-looking lady who was standing in his office.

I asked the matron if she was Greek or Turkish.

"Neither," she said with a twinkle in her eye. "I am British. There are no Greeks or Turks on this island, doctor. My an-

*cestors*, however, were Turkish, if you wish to know." Then she laughed a delighted chuckle. "I will see about a room for you, but remember, you are British like the rest of us," and she trotted off.

I asked the superintendent about the Bren gun.

"It is to guard sick prisoners who are in the detainees' ward down there."

He took me upstairs. The medical wards were on the first floor of the hospital, men patients in the north wing and women in the south. Above them were surgical wards and, above them again, orthopedic wards; a new wing to the hospital had a midwifery floor, a children's floor and, on top, a floor for private-paying patients. In addition, there were surgical theaters, X-ray departments and laboratories—a good hospital even by British standards.

Dr. Gillespie had not yet arrived, so I was introduced to the pathologist and left with him. I made the same mistake.

"Are you a Greek or a Turk, doctor?"

"I am neither."

"Oh, sorry, I forgot, you are British."

"No. *I* am nothing. I do not believe in nationality. Like religion it only leads to trouble. I am not a Mohammedan nor a Christian nor an atheist. I am a human being."

He was going to the post-mortem room and asked if I would like to accompany him. He told me that recently he had returned from England, where he had passed two very high medical examinations in only one week, one of them the membership of the Royal College of Physicians. After Dr. Gillespie he was the best-qualified man on the island. His name was Sanerkin, a young man with a toothbrush mustache and bright intelligent eyes.

In the post-mortem room a long thin body was laid out on a stone table.

"This man was shot. Now do not ask me if *he* was Greek

or Turkish. I do not know. I do not want to know. We must examine him to give evidence at the inquest."

He put on a waterproof apron and rubber gloves, rolled up his sleeves and felt over the body. There was a hole in the corpse's neck.

"It looks like a bullet-hole," he said, "but you can't be sure. Have you attended post-mortems before?"

I said I had.

"Well, give me a hand, will you?"

I handed him the elegant instruments for the job, while he delicately slit open the abdomen and chest and looked at the organs; then he cut the scalp at the back of the head and pulled the skin over the skull and down over the face, and then sawed the top of the skull to look at the brain. "He did not die for two hours after being shot, I was told, and in that time he gave some evidence. If they catch the murderer the defense is sure to say that it was impossible to live that long, that he must have died earlier. We must find out what happened."

The skull was replaced on the brain and the skin pulled back in place, so that from the front there was no sign that the head had been touched at all. We had a look at the chest again.

"Here it is! A bullet through the neck . . . behind the heart . . . and a lot of hematoma.<sup>1</sup> Now, let me see."

Gradually he made out what had happened. The bullet had made a hole in the aorta, the great tube leading out of the heart. Blood had rushed out of the hole into the space behind the heart until—one could see his mind working it out—until it had blocked the hole. That was how the man went on living for two hours. But slowly the pressure of the heart made the space bigger and bigger, more and more blood was lost, the lungs and heart were compressed by the

<sup>1</sup> Hematoma is a medical word for a large blood mass.

hematoma outside them, until the system packed up and the man died.

"A most unusual case," he said. "No one will believe me. You see I *am* Turkish after all"—he smiled—"and no Greek will believe a Turkish doctor."

We put all the bits and pieces back in their places and sewed up the body in silence. Finally he said: "You know, it is a rotten thing these people do. I stay out of politics, but in the end the result of all their politics comes to me. It is very rotten. You are new here, doctor, but you will see it too."

"Dr. Gillespie, your new assistant."

Eyes sharp and blue as a razor-blade edge between grim parallel lids; a lean face, pale sandy hair and loose subtropical clothes.

"Delighted to meet you, doctor. When did you arrive?"

"At six o'clock this morning, sir."

"And this is your first job?"

Only his pleasant Dublin accent relieved the asperity of his face.

"Yes. I am afraid I don't know much medicine, sir. I have only just passed my finals."

He did not say anything, but his face started to crease and the eyes to sparkle.

"I don't expect you do. Don't worry. Do you know any Greek?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Well, you'll have to start learning. I'm rather good at it." Then, "Shall we go round the wards?"

At that moment I wished I had never taken up medicine at all. I suddenly realized how little I knew and the frightful responsibility I was about to assume.

We entered the men's ward. I approached as a doctor, my very first patient, bed number one.

"*Pos pais*," said the chief.

"*Oreia kyri'iatre*."

"*Estrepsis simeron?*"

The man tilted back his head, raised his eyebrows, cast his eyes to heaven, pouted his lips and said, "*Tchl!*"

"That performance," said the chief, "is the Cypriot way of saying 'No.' This man has got a bleeding peptic ulcer."

The man had a blood transfusion running into his arm and a rubber tube coming from his nose—it led down to his stomach. The tube was tacked down to his left ear with sticking plaster; behind the right ear was a carnation.

"Do you think he is all right?" said the chief.

I felt for the patient's pulse, the only thing I could think of, but I could feel nothing.

"He *seems* all right, sir," I said, covering up for my ignorance.

"Hum. Do you think he is anemic?"

I did not know what I thought. I started looking for some laboratory reports.

The chief leaned forward and gently pulled down the patient's lower eyelid. Instead of being the usual pink color with red lines on it, it was the color of a tallow candle.

"Yes, sir," I said miserably, "he is anemic."

"And do you think he is getting the right treatment?"

I decided to be honest this time. "I don't know, sir." He did not reply.

Looking back, it was obvious he was getting the right treatment. The senior specialist physician, M.D., M.R.C.P., D.P.M., was looking after him. He was being given blood to make up for some of what he had lost and iron to help him make blood for himself; there were powders to counteract the acidity of his stomach, and milk and biscuits by the bed whenever he wanted food or drink. He was having drops of belladonna three times a day to damp down the secretion of

acid, injections to relieve pain and spasm, and drugs at night to see he got some rest.

He was having the special tasteless diet for ulcer patients; at the foot of his bed were X rays, notes, records of his pulse, blood pressure and charts of any blood found in his stools or in the contents of his stomach.

Yes, he was getting the right treatment all right. I knew it all; I had read it in the books, had done it for the examination, but it was some time before I could keep all these things in my head at once.

"He will probably have to go to the surgeons for operation," said the chief. "The X rays show quite a nasty one. Watch him carefully and see how he goes on."

In the next bed was a pathetic small boy with a beautiful Murillo face. He had large brown eyes fringed with very long lashes showing against the pallor of his skin. Somehow the head looked a bit too big for his body.

"Here you are," said Dr. Gillespie. "Do you know what this disease is? If you don't you will soon find out; we have more of it here, I think, than anywhere else in the world. Have a look. You can almost diagnose it on sight."

The boy was the color of straw, with brown patches on his face like those of pregnancy. He had buck teeth and prominent cheekbones. I remembered the chief's trick and pulled down the lower eyelid. Also pale. Anemia. Suddenly I realized.

"Mediterranean anemia, sir. This is Cooley's anemia."

"Right—also called thalassemia—thalassos is the Greek for sea. I now diagnose it on the look of the face, although I always confirm that diagnosis in the laboratory. Now, look at him. The blood breaks down—so he is pale; it breaks into iron and pigment; the pigment makes him yellow and the iron probably causes those brown patches in the skin. So, the skin is pale, jaundiced and bronzed. Also he is under-

developed—the body is too small for the head. How old do you think he is?”

“About seven.”

“Actually he is thirteen years old, but his body and his mind are indeed those of a child of six or seven.

“Feel his abdomen. Note that large tender liver and enormous spleen. Later on listen in to the heart—you’ll find various murmurs. If we take that spleen out he should do well, but we are still investigating to make sure. I think I have seen more cases of this condition than anyone else in the world—and the surgeon here has the record for operating on them. He is very good at it.”

“Does taking the spleen out help much?”

“Not in all cases; you have to select your patients. Of course it does not affect the basic cause, which is constitutional—fragile red cells and abnormal hemoglobins. The spleen is just one of the factors contributing to the breakdown of the red cells, but it is the one factor you can do something about. If you remove it they have that much more chance of leading a better life, although never, I am afraid, a normal one. If there is no chance, then of course you must not subject them to the pain and the risk of an operation.”

Then in his Irish accent, the chief said to the boy, “*Pos ine i catastasis sou?*”

“*Eh?*” said the child, and shook his head from side to side.

“That headshaking means what? why? when? or where?” said the chief.

“Sister, you had better ask him how he feels. You know, doctor, my Greek is too good for them; I learned proper Greek Greek and not that of Cyprus; I do not think they understand my pronunciation.”

I thought it might be the Dublin rather than the Athenian accent that confused them but did not say so. Instead I rather maliciously asked if he could do all his medicine in Greek.

"I don't think I could do a thorough psychological examination," said the chief. "There may be subtleties and nuances of expression that might escape me." He won that round.

The next patient was an old man with a drooping white mustache and a cough that rumbled up from his chest.

"Chronic bronchitis," said Dr. Gillespie, "and he's got a hernia."

"*Panayiamou!*" said the patient.

I was quick to grasp my first Greek lesson. *Panayiamou* must mean "I have pain."

Sister pulled back the bedclothes and Dr. Gillespie put his hand on a lump in the man's groin. The old man said "*Panayiamou*" again, coughed, took a carnation out of a plastic mug beside his bed and spat into the mug. Then he sniffed the carnation and put it back again.

"That young surgeon, Dr. Christopoulos, said it is only a fatty lump, sir," said the sister.

"It is a hernia, sister. It moves on coughing. You can tell Dr. Christopoulos he is a fatty lump himself for saying so. When we clear the bronchitis he should have that operated on," said Gillespie.

We went on to the next patient and then slowly round the ward. Each of these, my first patients, I recollect with perfect clarity. I may have known little real medicine at that time, but each of them under my care, the poor Armenians, Turks and Greek-Cypriots of the island, became, I think I can say without being too sentimental, a friend.

At one bed the chief asked me to listen to a chest. I pulled out my stethoscope and there were the heart sounds "*thoo-paw, thoo-paw*" very faint.

"Did you notice anything?" said the chief.

"I'm afraid I'm a little out of practice, sir. I can't hear them very clearly."

"The reason you cannot hear clearly is that the heart



sounds in this patient actually are indistinct. He had pericarditis. If you listen there"—he put his finger near the left nipple—"you ought to be able to hear a friction rub." I put my stethoscope on the spot and sure enough could hear "*ffttt, ffftt*" in time with the heartbeats.

"I want you to do an electrocardiogram on him, a chest X ray, a Mantoux test, and a blood culture. Dr. Hadji will show you how to do an electrocardiogram."

I thought I might as well ask the patient if he was in pain.

"*Panayianis?*" I said.

"*Eh?*" said the patient.

"*Panayianis*—have you pain?"

"*Panayiamou*," said Dr. Gillespie, "is the Greek, more or less, for Blessed Virgin. This patient is a Turk. You were asking him if he was Blessed Virginated."

The next patient was another unshaven scrawny old man who was breathing rather heavily. He, too, had a carnation behind his ear.

"Listen to his heart," said Dr. Gillespie. When I had listened, "What do you hear?"

"Aortic systolic, sir, very loud indeed."

"What does that signify?"

"Well, it used to suggest syphilis, but—"

"In Cyprus it still does. Feel his chest—there."

Under the collarbone I could feel an unusual pulsation over a large area, a blowout of his great arteries caused by the syphilis bug.

"I wonder if he passed the disease on to anyone," said the chief. "Ask him, Andreas, has he any children?"

"*Exinda—efta.*"

"He say sixty-seven, doctor," said the male nurse.

"Good gracious! How many wives?"

"*Decatris.*"

"He say thirteen."

"I don't know if this is right," said Sister Joan. "His notes say he spent most of his life in prison."

Andreas questioned the old fellow, who rolled his eyes and raised his palms in a gesture of derision, then, still panting, let out a stream of Greek in a high thin voice.

"He say, doctor, that he was not always in prison. He only do one sentence at a time, then they let him out before he go in again."

"Can you get me his chest X rays, Andreas?" Andreas left. "You know, all this is quite probably true. The sex life of the Cypriot is a source of interest and continual astonishment to me," said Dr. Gillespie. His eyes again had the look I still could not define, either grave or very amused. He brushed back a wisp of hair. "It is indulged in to the exclusion of almost any other form of activity, which may be an accessory reason for the place acquiring the appellation 'The Island of Love.' Sex here usually bears no readily demonstrable relation to the marital status—although I admit one would have difficulty anyway with demonstrating *that* anywhere. Here it rather resembles an amalgam between snakes-and-ladders, if you will forgive the Freudian allusion, and a peculiarly complicated interlocking game of monopoly."

He stopped as Andreas came back with the X rays, then turned to sister.

"You do agree, sister?"

"I really don't know what you mean, doctor." She raised her eyebrows. "I certainly have nothing to add."

The X rays showed one large white balloon where the pressure of the blood had blown through a weak area of the aorta caused by the syphilis—that is, if he had syphilis. The balloon was a great danger; it might burst and kill him.

"We must diagnose the disease first and treat it; as for that aneurysm, I don't know if the surgeons can do anything about that. Will you ask them?"

There were another sixty patients which we had to see, which took several hours.

The English sister in charge saw me afterwards and whispered, "There is a cup of tea in my office, doctor." I needed it.

In her office I confessed. "Sister, I don't know a thing."

She said: "Now, don't worry, you'll make out, most of it is routine. I'll show you the local ropes."

She told me whom to be careful of in the hospital, whom to trust; who was helpful and who was obstructive; what doctors, in her opinion, were good. One, of course, was Dr. Gillespie; another, I remember, was a quiet and handsome young Greek surgeon, Dr. Daphnios.

"But be careful of the Greeks," she said. "This place is a hospital of EOKA—especially the nurses. Remember all the male patients are looked after by male nurses. You are being watched here the whole time, so keep out of politics. Last year we had a woman shot in bed in the female surgical ward. She was in hospital because she had already been shot outside. She was a Greek. Even though they shot her again at close range in bed, they still did not kill her. Two masked men came into the ward, but they escaped and nobody will say they know who did it.

"Most people here accept that it was an inside job, that two male nurses waited until the coast was clear, slipped on masks and did the job, then went outside, took the masks off and carried on with their work. And other nurses must have been covering up for them."

"Sister, you can't say such a thing! You just don't know!"

"Doctor, I have been here a long time. In Cyprus you never know anything for certain, but you have to make certain assumptions—reasonable ones—in order to keep yourself out of trouble."

I kept quiet. I did not like what she had said, particularly the jumping to conclusions, but she was more experienced

than I. Then, "Remember, doctor, some of these nurses have blood on their hands."

At that I blew up, said she was being unfair to the Greeks and had a typical reactionary English attitude. She said: "Certainly, doctor. I gather you like the Greeks. But do tell me—have I got it right?—you *did* only arrive this morning, didn't you?" and walked out.

A second later her head poked round the corner. "I'm giving a small party tonight—eight o'clock, at the sisters' home. Would you like to come?"

Two faces edged round the door, swarthy with thin mustaches and oily hair. Their eyes shifted around the room. Seeing no one but me, they relaxed and smiled, teeth like footlights, and sidled in. They were two of the male nurses who had been on the ward round in the morning. They looked behind to see if sister was coming, then: "Hello, doctor! Doctor, welcome to Cyprus!"

I thanked them.

"Doctor, have a cigarette!" one of them said, producing a packet. I was about to offer mine when I remembered, over the years, Greek cigarette formality; to offer a cigarette was hospitality, to reject one was rude. To offer *two* cigarettes, even to the poorest, was despicable; that was charity and an insult to Greek pride. I accepted. We all lit up.

"Doctor, my name is Andreas. This is Yiannakis—how do you say it?—little John."

They asked if I was married, had I children; how long had I been a doctor; why did I come to Cyprus. When I told them I had been to Greece they were both delighted. What was the country like? Did I like the people? Was not Athens beautiful?

"Of course, doctor, Cyprus is very beautiful, too. Not Nicosia, but all the rest. You will like our Cyprus, doctor. You will be happy here."

Yiannakis said: "You only arrive today, doctor. You have no girl here?"

I said I had not had time yet.

"You want the sister, doctor?"

I started laughing.

"No, no, doctor, she is O.K. for an Englishwoman. Skinny, but not too bad. She likes you, doctor; *she makes tea for you.*"

I said that I did not think I wanted the sister.

"O.K., doctor, we fix. I find you nice girl, lots of nice girls. You look and you take one."

"Only one?"

"Oh, yes, doctor, you must take only one. Oh, I see! You make a joke. No, you take two. Doctor, you take hundreds, thousands!" He roared with laughter. "Oh, ho, doctor, you very funny. But I find you nice girl."

Andreas spoke again. "You know, doctor, the girls of Athens are very beautiful, very very beautiful."

"They are beautiful, but how do *you* know, Andreas? I thought you had never been there."

"No, doctor, I have never been there. One day I will go. But everyone knows Athens is a most beautiful city and the girls are the most beautiful in all the world." He was getting close to me, jabbing near my chest with his finger. "And the way they live in Athens, that is very good, doctor. They laugh and have very good times."

I said one could laugh and have good times in Cyprus.

"No, doctor. Nobody is happy here, doctor. Always there is troubles."

"But you are happy?"

"No, doctor, how can I be happy? My father is in prison. The British put him in prison. He is an old man and he has done nothing. They have not take him for a trial, doctor, only they took him from his house and put him into a camp. He

has been there many weeks now, and I have tried but I cannot get him free."

He pulled out his cigarettes again.

"Doctor, will you help to get him out?"

But it was my turn with the cigarettes.

"Andreas, I don't know anything about it. I am sure the British would not put anyone in jail without reason."

"Doctor, he is my father, he does not do wrong things, I know him. You are saying he is a bad man. And, doctor," he added triumphantly, "if he does wrong things, why do they not put him in front of a judge?"

"Andreas, I am sure that when—that is," I said, correcting myself, "if—they find they have made a mistake, they will release him."

"Yes, doctor, but who will make money while he is in prison? And, doctor, they beat him!"

At that moment Yiannakis said "Pst"—they stubbed out the cigarettes behind their backs and slipped out of the door. Sister was coming. Andreas just had time to say in a disappointed voice, "Doctor, I think you are the same as all the English!"

Sister came in.

"Hello again." She smiled very sweetly. "Hobnobbing with the Greeks?"

## 2

My first job on the ward was to perform a "sternal puncture" on the boy, Charalambros Kyprou; that is, to dig a sharp thick needle into the breastbone in order to get some bone marrow; the red cells of blood are manufactured in marrow and we wanted some to look at under a microscope, in order to see what was going wrong.

First I put a little zylcaine into the skin of the chest, to anesthetize it, and waited until he could feel nothing there when I touched him. Then, having washed my hands and having cleaned his chest with spirit, I took the needle from its holder, being careful not directly to touch anything that would come in contact with the child. The needle was actually a pointed rod in a long metal tube, with the point of the rod sticking out the end of the tube.

I pushed the gadget in through the anesthetized skin. He could feel something moving, but it did not hurt. I pushed the needle down to the breastbone; here, where it hit the membrane on the outside of the bone, pain started; the child began to cry and said, "*Panayiamoul pono iatrel* (Holy Virgin—it hurts, doctor)" I drew back, and started again, very gently—one must not go too far or the great vessels from the heart might be pierced. The boy cried again: by now I was tense and began to sweat, only aware of the agony of the boy.

Sister said, "Come, doctor, now!" I pushed quick. There was a crunch; I whipped the needle out of the tube, sucked

up some liquid marrow with a syringe, removed the tube, covered the hole and hurried away.

Sister caught me up outside. "You know, doctor, it's going to hurt anyway. The quicker you do it the less it hurts."

"I know, I know!" A kind of callousness is essential, but it requires experience even to be callous. I wanted to go back and apologize to Charalambros but I did not know the Greek for it: any other way would have been silly.

Dr. Gillespie came out of his office.

"Doctor, would you be kind enough to do the electrocardiogram on bed twenty-four? Dr. Hadji will show you how. Also, I am having a few people in for a drink tonight. I would be pleased if you would care to come."

"Thank you, sir." Cyprus certainly had some hospitable people.

Sister took me to Dr. Hadji's office. "This Dr. Hadji is Turkish, sister?"

"No, although the name is; it is the Turkish for a person who made the pilgrimage to Mecca, but this doctor is a Greek. Don't ask me why. It's all part of the Cyprus mix-up."

Dr. Hadji looked like Mephistopheles: handsome, wicked and smooth. Despite the nationalities of his ancestry and name, he greeted me in perfect (almost too perfect) English, with the accent of Mayfair, circa 1930. He stood, blinking behind his glasses, elegant and charming in a tiny doctor's office stacked high with baskets of nuts, baskets of eggs, of eggplant, tomatoes, cucumbers, bottles of wine and of brandy. In the washbasin were some nondescript fish and underneath it, tethered to the outflow pipe, were some live chickens, clucking anxiously. On top of the X-ray apparatus was a bunch of violets.

"Ah, the new doctor! Greetings, my dear fellow: how do you do? Sit down!"

He saw me looking around the consulting room.



"This, old chap, is the response of the grateful patient for the excellence of his medical adviser." He swept a pannier brimming with oranges off a chair and put them on top of the examining couch. "Pray be seated!"

The door burst open and a wizened old crone in a black shawl appeared, mumbled a few words in Greek and thrust a pair of pigeons into his hands.

"I saved the daughter," said Hadji, with his free arm extended, like an impresario. Then, while tying the pigeons on to a coat hook, he slapped the old lady on the back, broke into a liquid spurt of Greek, laughed, threw his eyes up to heaven and slammed the door in her face.

"If a patient gives me money," he said apologetically, "the government takes one half and the income tax the other—so, what's the use of money! Here, have an orange—no! Take a basket of olives—no, no, dear fellow, take the orange *as well*."

Oranges fell out of the pannier and knocked over a small basket of nuts.

"Nuts, nuts! They drive me—crazy! Ha, ha! You thought I was going to say they drive me nuts!" He shrieked with laughter, spun round on his toe, removed the pigeons from the hook and tied them up with the chickens, where they started fighting.

A pretty nurse came in and handed him a message. He put it in his pocket without looking at it and patted her bottom. She ran off, making Continental squeaking noises and looking provocatively over her shoulder.

"Ha! a Turk!" he said, "but beautiful, beautiful! Such eyes! Wouldn't I like to—but you know, dear fellow, I am married. To a beautiful Irish girl. She used to nurse here. She is now my wife." He leaned forward over the olives and said confidentially: "You know, I love her very much. You must meet her. You have not seen Cyprus until you have met my wife—

she is like Naples—see her and die. She is Irish, of course, but very beautiful. Come and drink with us this evening.”

So far I had not said a word since entering the room. I just looked at his enthusiastic face, which flicked from one emotion to another like a light switch. His loose full-lipped mouth was open, his eyes were innocently wide as he stood in the gesture of invitation. I could not restrain myself; I burst into laughter, which was very rude.

Hadji registered surprise, then puzzlement, then delight in swift succession, and then (although he could not see the reason for my amusement) he too, just for companionship or for the sheer joy of it, started to laugh, becoming more and more hilarious, first holding his sides, then rocking backward and forward and then, his belly protruding with laughter and held up with his hands, he got on his toes and did a little dance around the room.

The door opened. The chief's lean face looked in, blinked, twinkled and went solemn again.

“Oh, Hadji, I want you to show the new doctor how to work the electrocardiograph.”

Hadji gasped and stopped his dancing in the second ballet position; the chief shut the door. We looked at each other, smiled and collapsed with amusement again.

Sister brought in a patient on a rickety wheelchair.

“Dr. Hadji, your heart case. I'll leave it to you now—ring when you want me to take him back.” I cleared the fruit and vegetables and flowers off the examining couch and helped lift the patient on to it.

“The first thing you must realize,” said Hadji, “is that this electrocardiograph machine is no use—no use at all!” He started to connect the patient to the machine by wires to the wrists and legs. “It is a waste of time. It does not diagnose. It does not cure. All it does is—confirm a diagnosis!”

The patient was looking fearfully at the wires attaching him to the machine.

"Do not worry! We do not kill you! We do not electrocute you! We do not put any electricity into you at all—we only take it out!"

The man started to look very pale and whimpered, "*Pono, iatre Hadji* (It hurts, Dr. Hadji)."

"But I haven't started yet! Look, I switch on—see, nothing happens!"

"Now, three limb leads—we record the heart from the right, the left and the bottom." He fiddled expertly with knobs and switches. "No potential differences along the sides. One—two—three, and now," he manipulated again, "the chest leads. I move this electrode over the heart and the machine writes it all down."

The machine was producing a long strip of paper with a scrawled line wriggling along the length of it. He tore off a couple of yards of paper.

"Look! The heart is the wrong way round! No, sorry, the paper is upside down." He looked at it the other way. "There! An infarct! A coronary! Raised ST and inverted T—this machine is no use! I could have told you exactly that yesterday!" He bustled out of the room, his white doctor's coat floating behind him like a troubadour's cloak.

I went to Dr. Gillespie's office.

"Ah, doctor—did you find an infarct?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where was it? And did you find any Q's?"

Q's. I did not have a clue. I stayed dumb and embarrassed. How important was a Q?

The chief said nothing, but looking straight at my eyes pulled a book out of a drawer and handed it to me. "Read that," he said. "We can talk about any difficulties tonight over a drink, that is, if you don't mind shop."

The book was a highly technical work on electrocardiography; 1,200 pages long.

I went to lunch; a wadge of gluey macaroni, cold and morbid, sat on my plate.

Opposite me sat a young mustached Greek. He pushed his yellow slab of food away from him and said: "You are the new English doctor. Welcome to my country. They all talk of you."

He looked down at his plate.

"The cook here spent his life as the batman to an English officer. Come with me. We shall eat." We rose from the table and walked out of the hospital, bought a bottle of wine for a few pennies and then, farther on, found a stall with smoke and a delicious smell coming from it. Here we bought kebab, small lumps of meat and fat roasted on a skewer, and then packed into an envelop made of flat bread. We sat down by the roadside to eat it.

"Tell me about England. I wish to go there," he said.

I told him. He wanted particularly to know about the life of a young doctor, as he wished to study further in that country.

"Tell me, how many babies must you deliver in your country before you become a doctor? And how many examinations do you do?"

I told him we had to deliver at least twenty babies before the one obstetric examination in our finals.

"That is what I heard. Do you know that in Athens, my university, we deliver one baby and take *four* examinations? Also I hear that your examinations are very differently done from ours. Do you take examinations in the skins?"

I said yes. He wanted to know how much my textbook for skin diseases was—six shillings.

"Yes, I heard that. Our textbook in skins is twenty pounds.

The examiner writes the book, and if you do not buy his book you do not pass the examination. That is not good, you think?"

I thought it was not good.

"It is worse than that! Sometimes he does not pass you even if you do buy his book. It is very sad. Of course," he said rather proudly, "Greece is a poor country, and professors have not the big salaries; they must make money somehow. What makes it difficult"—here he looked puzzled—"is that students are so poor too."

We finished our kebab and the wine. Stavros pulled out cigarettes with a name printed in Greek on the packet, *Oneira*. "It is the Greek word for 'dreams.' In Cyprus," he said ruefully, "it is said you can watch your dreams go up in smoke."

He opened the packet. Inside were ten English cigarettes. "Forgive me; EOKA will not allow us to smoke English, but I prefer them. If I put them in this packet nobody will know. But it is very dangerous to smoke the English cigarette. . . ." He tapped the side of his nose. "*Politics*. We will not talk politics now. But it is very difficult."

That evening I was reading in my room the tome on electrocardiography when Dr. Hadji burst in.

"Ah, they have put you in here!" he said. "But you know what this is—this used to be the V.D. clinic, the F.F.I. room, Free from Infection. Well well!" He looked at me sternly. "See that it remains that way! Ha! No—enjoy yourself! Is not this the Island of Love!"

The walls of the room had an interesting texture; many layers of yellow distemper showed in an equal number of shades. Hadji scratched it with the long nail on his little finger.

"Very unusual. Turkish colonial rather than English

baronial. It would interest a painter of the tachiste school rather than the qualified architect. But come! You drink at my house! You are meeting my Irish wife, dear fellow!"

We drove to his house, where there was his wife, indeed an attractive person, drinking Cyprus brandy and *ouzo* with Hadji's guests. Cyprus brandy is cheap and very bad. *Ouzo* is a powerful aniseed drink that I had last drunk years before in Athens. After one brandy I stayed on the *ouzo*.

Hadji told me that he was hoping to return to England to do some higher medical degrees. He spoke of his student days in England and, getting excited, his enthusiasm mounted to build up a picture of an England the like of which I had never known, gay, brilliantly witty, sophisticated, the most beautiful women in the most elegant clothes, hunt balls on cloudless summer nights.

"Which university were you?" I asked.

Hadji smiled suavely. "Bristol."

His wife broke in. "Oh, get away with you, Hadji! Don't believe a word he says, doctor. But he believes it all himself now and it's a pity to disillusion him, the poor boy. You can't stop him when he's got the bit of the blarney between his teeth. When he was a student he worked like a slave—didn't you, now, Hadji!"

"Yes, darling."

"And you were poor as a church mouse, you told me."

"Yes, darling."

She turned away to get a drink; Hadji winked. His eyes lit up and he stage-whispered over to me, "Isn't she wonderful?"

She whipped round. "Ah, go away, you old codder. Doctor, meet Major Chagalis. He's one of your administrators at the hospital."

Major Chagalis had sidled up behind me. He was a dapper little man with a neat mustache and smooth manner.

"This is the one who put you in the V.D. room!" cried Hadji. "Major, the new English doctor!"

The major apologized for my accommodations but assured me that its history had left no traces and its dilapidated condition was only temporary. He hoped soon to install a telephone. I thanked him politely and inquired about his military rank. It appeared that he had served very honorably in the British Army during the war in the Mediterranean.

"Do tell me," he said, "what do you think of our Cyprus?"

"Well, major, I do not know much about it at the moment, except for hospitality."

"Yes, yes, but the politics?"

I did not want to be drawn this early and moved on to another topic, but the major persisted with an idea of his own.

"All this killing is very terrible, and I think the fault is of the War Office in London. We used to have the Cyprus regiment here, which was a part of the British Army. Our young bloods and the virile men would naturally join the Cyprus regiment and enjoy a masculine open-air life. They were proud to come home to their villages in their uniforms with their guns. In this way the hotheads were organized and disciplined—I think even satisfied.

"And then, by mistake, the War Office suggested they would disband the Cyprus regiment. When they found out their mistake they sent a cable saying 'Please, do not go away!' But it was too late; most of the young men had not waited for proper demobilization, but walked quietly away to their villages to try and get the first jobs, and in time became EOKA. It is a typically English mistake this. All the EOKA men would be fighting for you now, instead of against."

I asked, rather facetiously, how about Colonel Grivas, the EOKA leader?

"No, Grivas would never be in the British Army. But he would have had no men behind him."

He switched back on to politics, but it was not as embarrassing as I had feared. Maybe because he had traveled he seemed a fair-minded man; he quite understood England's position and did not consider the island to be oppressed by the British—at least he said so to me.

"Of course, doctor, there is only one solution, independence."

"With or without ENOSIS?"

"With or without ENOSIS, as you say; but in the end *we* must run the island."

"But what about the Turks, major?"

The major looked at me for a moment and smiled gently beneath the curve of his mustache.

"Don't you think they are rather unintelligent?"

Major Chagalis was a fair-minded man, but I was to hear that phrase many times again. It was, and is, of great significance to the whole Cyprus issue.



### 3

Hadji came up and whispered, "Let us go off to Gillespie's!" Then, to the room at large: "We are just going to get some drink! Back in a moment!"

"That will fool them, but in a sense it is true," he said as we were going down the stairs.

Dr. Gillespie opened the door of his house.

"Good evening, Hadji, nice of you to come." As his eyes looked at me his expression did not perceptibly change. "Have you yet sorted out the P's and Q's?" We entered.

"You have heard of ENOSIS?" said Hadji.

"Yes, Hadji."

"And the 'Cyprus is Turkish' Association?"

"Yes."

"Well, tonight this is the 'Cyprus is Irish' club. All these eminent Englishmen are ordinary Irishmen. The club was founded late at night on St. Patrick's Day—St. Patrick, you know, is the Irish Santa Claus. The doctors here are Irish, the police, the lawyers. The large man there, he is the Chief Justice, Sir Paget Burke. He is Irish; so is Gillespie himself and Kirwan the orthopedic surgeon."

I was looking at the paintings on the walls of the drawing room, by Jack Yeats and Anne Yeats, brother and daughter respectively of the great poet of Ireland; pictures of the Irish countryside, flower pieces, a white swan; strange Gaelic treasure to find so far away.

"There, another Irish," said Hadji, "that judge, Sir James Henry. Sir Hugh Foot and the colonel of the Irish Guards are the only Englishmen in Cyprus!"

Dr. Gillespie introduced me to some of his guests. One of them was reminiscing about the Irish situation of thirty years ago.

"I fought against the Black-and-Tans in the old days and one thought then that the British were a dirty lot. Well, I'm one of the dirty British myself now. And, after all, we are not so bad—at least we are nothing as bad as the Black-and-Tans were!" Later he said: "Of course the situation is much the same. Anyone can see that the government will have to give way a bit."

An army officer, dressed in full uniform, interrupted him. "Nonsense! As soon as we get old Grivas they'll be eating out of our hand. Let me tell you," he lowered his voice, "I think we've got him this time. They tracked him to a village in Troodos and at last he is now surrounded. It will take only a few days."

Gillespie was handing round a trayful of drinks. "It is very interesting that you should say that, captain. You say the village is surrounded and they should get him in a few days' time?"

"It may take up to a week or so," said the captain.

"Yes," said Gillespie, "would you like a brandy sour? You know, since Colonel Grivas arrived on this island, four years ago, this is, I think, let me see, the thirty-seventh time I have been told that he was completely surrounded and that his capture was imminent."

"Oh, yes," said the captain, "but this is different, Dr. Gillespie; the brigadier told me himself."

"It was a general that told me about three of them," said Gillespie. "Can I get you another drink?" The captain had a whisky.

The conversation changed; the group started talking about a recent incident in Ataturk Square, in the Turkish quarter of Nicosia. An army officer had found himself in an army truck surrounded by a crowd of Turks shouting at him; a few started to throw stones. The officer had ordered his driver to put his foot down on the accelerator and drive ahead. They had driven through the crowd, killing an old Turk, who did not get out of the way quickly enough, and injuring a middle-aged woman.

"It's a pity about that chap, of course, he'll be up for a court-martial, but still it's a bloody shame. We've had the Turks with us so far. Now just because he lost his head, we'll have the whole damn island against us."

The captain joined in. "Serve them jolly well right. They shouldn't have rioted in the first place."

"I don't think they did *riot* until he drove through them."

"Anyway, I hope he gets off his court-martial. A thing like that, a court-martial, you know, can ruin a chap's career." He knocked back the large glass of whisky. "Ruin it," he repeated.

I knew nothing about all this, but I had to observe that the career of one old Turk had been rather effectively ruined.

"Oh, don't be silly. You know what I mean. Anyway it's not the same thing."

"Why not?"

"Well, for one thing he was a Turk, *and* he had no business to be hanging around with a riot on. Any anyway it was only an accident—could have happened to anyone."

Hadji said, in a quiet voice, "I thought you said he *ordered* the driver to put his foot down?"

The captain looked around for assistance. "Sir Paget, sir, what do you think?"

The Chief Justice backed away. "Sorry, *sub judice*, I can't say anything," and he quickly left the room.

Dr. Gillespie discreetly took me aside. "Have another brandy sour, doctor. I fear we will not have an adequate opportunity to discuss electrocardiography this evening. Have you met Mr. Demetrakis?"

Demetrakis was talking to Hadji, who introduced me. Hadji was still talking about the Irish, so I thought it was time to tell him I was Irish also. His eyes widened, and his eyebrows rose into his hair. "No! You too! Wonderful! All Irish! Tell me, are you I.R.A.?" I replied that nobody had yet asked me to join.

"Amazing! There is a person I know—knew of," he corrected, "who was in EOKA; he was caught and sent with many EOKA people to Wandsworth Jail in London. And who do you think he found in the jail? I.R.A. people, also prisoners! So they all used to plot together to do things against the British, the Irish and EOKA together. But look at this room," his hand swept around him. "Who are the British? Irish. It is Irish against the Irish."

I agreed that this situation was not entirely new. But was it not so much the actual British on the island that the Cypriots objected to, but rather the government in London?

"Ah, that is the root!" said Hadji.

"Well, the government is mainly Scots, Welsh and Northern Irish, a very different breed."

Hadji's face beamed with delight. "Politics!" he said. "How essentially beautiful."

Demetrakis was laughing. He had a kind, good-looking Cypriot face with black mustache, eyebrows, hair, and jet-black lashes standing clearly against shining brown skin. He was wearing a light off-white suit, white shirt and tie and brown-and-white shoes.

"But, Hadji," he said, "politics, yes, but now the big pity. You remember before the politic?"

"How could I forget!"

"You know, doctor, then it was most nice in Cyprus. I used to like the English woman—Cyprus woman make good wife, but she no good for girl friend. So I used to take many English woman, oh, many, many, especially wives of the Navy and Air Force. Husbands are officers, they go away and the wife here, so I ask them to my house to play ping-pong. I even buy a ping-pong ball and many things."

"I remember that ping-pong ball," said Hadji.

"It was a very expensive one," said Demetrakis, "but never, not with one English woman, did I play ping-pong at all. Isn't it amazing! They just want to make love with me, while I did like a little to learn to play. But here in Cyprus; you know, doctor, they call Cyprus the Island of Love. Now since politics I go with no English woman at all. EOKA might think I was a traitor."

"How sad," I said.

"Oh, yes, it is."

"What do you do for ping-pong nowadays, Demetrakis?"

"I have married Cypriot woman. All the ping-pong things I never use—you may have them. You know before the politic, for many mans it was good to have English here. It is sad now, you know, very sad."

Once more Dr. Gillespie appeared with a tray of drinks. While the captain accepted a pink vodka, in the background I heard a cultured voice expounding. "When I was a young man at university I studied logic. In classical logic there is a paradox which goes like this: '*Xeno the Cypriot says, all Cypriots are liars.*'"

"Fair enough, old chap," said the captain.

I saw Hadji wince.

"Ah," said the voice, "but Xeno himself was Cypriot. So what he says too is a lie, therefore all Cypriots are not liars!"

"Hold on . . ." the captain's voice, muffled.

"Therefore, if they are not liars, neither is Xeno the Cypriot a liar. But Xeno said all Cypriots are liars."

"Stop! Stop!" said the captain alcoholically, "you're getting confused!"

"No, I'm not at all; you know," said the voice, "if you just hold on to the one salient fact it's as plain as the ribbons on your chest. Forget everything and keep your hooks on this: Xeno, remember, was a Cypriot. It's easy. Now *that* explains everything."

In the laughter that followed I heard two voices, the captain's complaining that he still did not understand and Hadji quietly saying, "Let us go now to Sister Joan; Demetrakis, come."

After this long first day in the island my head felt like a pressure cooker with the valve stuck, whistling coming out of my ears. The conversational level when we got to Sister Joan's was high and amusing, but I was still higher and no longer amusing so, after a short while, I made my apologies and went back to the hospital, my home.

The next morning I felt very low, but could reflect that my first day in Cyprus and my first day as a doctor had certainly been interesting and promised even more in the future.

Breakfast was an egg fried in olive oil but both had been left to go cold. Stavros and my Turkish colleague, Haluk Avni, ate theirs in mournful silence. The maid who awoke me came to complain about the "color of my pajamas," for I had slept naked on top of the bed.

The first job that next morning was again the Cooley's anemia boy, Charalambros Kyprou. I had to take blood from him. I found a nice fat vein in the crook of his arm and pushed in the needle; blood came running out, not the thick sticky red of normal blood, but fast and thin like raspberry wine. I sent this in a small bottle to the laboratory and

after an hour the first result came back: "Kyprou, Charalambros, male medical ward. Hemoglobin 15 per cent."

He had less than one-sixth the amount of blood that he should have. I went over and he smiled at me.

"*Ime endaxi kyri'iatre?*"

"*Endaxi, Charalambros, telia endaxi.*" I had learnt some.

"I am all right, Mr. Doctor?"

"All right, Sotiris, quite all right."

I examined him while we were waiting for the result. His breathing was deep and rapid. On his chest one could see where the tip of his heart, trying to make what blood he had do six times as much as it should, banged against the wall of the chest. It lifted the ribs with each beat. Through a stethoscope one could hear a soft murmur all over the front of the heart.

I undid the pajama cord. His belly was tense and swollen. I ran my hand over it and felt, on his left side, a large smooth mass inside the abdomen which moved up and down with his breathing. It ran from the ribs to below the navel, filling all the left flank. The lump was the boy's spleen which, as Dr. Gillespie had said, would have to be removed.

On his right-hand side below the ribs I could also feel something which moved with breathing. As I touched it he gasped; it was tender. This mass must be an enlarged liver, but there would be no operation to take that out. No one can live without a liver.

"*Endaxi, Charalambros, endaxi.*"

I listened in to his chest again but the lungs, at least, were all right. There were no unusual noises. Air was passing back and forth in the tubes and tissues of his lungs top and bottom, front and back, both sides—no wheezes, no crackling or bubbles, but the breathing was very fast.

I told Sister Joan, who was helping me, that if any of his

relatives visited him they should come and see me. I wanted to find out if any of them had this Cooley's anemia, for it runs in families. Also I wanted them to donate some blood for him; there are few voluntary blood donors among Cypriots, I had been told; the doctor has to browbeat friends and relations.

I apologized to Sister Joan for leaving her party so early.

"You're getting stuck in on the island quickly," she said.

"You had had a few drinks with Hadji. Where were you?"

"Nowhere special, sister. Hobnobbing. What's next?"

Next was a paracentesis. A man of about forty lay down the ward; we had looked at him the previous day. He had a cheerful face with stubble all over his chin; his trouble was cirrhosis.

"He's been on the bottle, doctor, for a few years, and his liver just packed up. Dr. Gillespie wants you to do a paracentesis on him. Have you done one before?"

"No, but I've seen it done. By the way, can you ask him how much he drinks?"

"No, I don't speak the language. Andreas!"

The swarthy orderly of the previous day came over and did the questioning. "*Poso pinis?*"

"*Eh—ligaki,*" the patient looked offended.

"He say very little, doctor."

"Yes, but how much, Andreas?"

After some more questioning, "He say little, doctor—a half-bottle each day."

"Of what? That shouldn't harm him."

"*Zivania*, doctor, very strong Cyprus whisky."

Evidently the Cyprus whisky had caused most of his liver to be converted into the tissue that scars are made of. Instead of being soft and moist and brown, it would be white, hard, knobbly and shrunken inside him, and there would be little liver substance to do the chemistry of the body.



Blood carries food from the guts to the liver before flowing on back to the heart. A shrunken liver squeezes fluid out of the blood passing through it, into the cavity of the belly. So, in addition, his belly was full of fluid, which I had to tap off.

First I examined him. The whole abdomen, like that of Charalambros, was tight and protuberant. Shaking him from side to side one could hear fluid splashing about inside, which caused the other patients to laugh. On tapping him with a finger his tummy sounded as dull as a barrel full of water, and he was most uncomfortable. The naval was stretched like a drumhead by the distended abdomen.

In medical language he needed a paracentesis of the ascites caused by a hepatic cirrhosis.

I injected some anesthetic solution into the skin just below the umbilicus and to the left, then injected more deeply into the muscle. The skin was cleaned with iodine; all the instruments had been boiled; I put on a sterilized gown, mask and rubber gloves, for any infection could cause a serious peritonitis. I pricked the area with a pin. He felt nothing. I took a metal tube and pushed it into the skin and muscle of his belly; as I reached the deeper layers, which the anesthetic did not reach so well, he gave a gasp of pain; suddenly there was a relaxation of pressure and a thick powerful jet of greeny-yellow fluid like oil shot out of the tube into a bucket on the floor.

I was the most surprised person there.

Sister Joan said I should collect some of the liquid for the laboratory, so we filled up some little tubes with the stuff. After a few minutes the bucket was full and we had to change to another.

Occasionally the jet would fail; by wiggling the tube about or by pressing on his belly wall it would start up again. Toward the end I laid him on his side so that the tap would be

near the bottom of the "barrel." By getting him to breathe deeply he managed to press more out himself. He himself started to feel better and better, and leaning over the edge of the bed he looked into the bucket, very proud of his achievement, chattering away.

Andreas translated.

"He asks you, doctor, is all this alcohol?"

"No, Andreas."

"He say that his friends used to tell him he was having a baby, but he is more proud now, with an oil well inside in him. He ask you to take a drink with him after."

"You should tell him he is not supposed to drink. That is what made all this."

"Yes, I know that, doctor, but what can we do? He has friends come to see him every day. His children bring him the bottles, doctor. He has many children. He say, just a little drink?"

Suddenly Andreas leaped at the patient and grabbed him by the chest. "Doctor, you took too much; stop it, he is collapsed!"

I whipped out the tube and plugged the hole. Sister ran to his other side and the three of us gave violent artificial respiration. I put my ear to the chest; the heart was not beating. I jumped to help the others, sweating at forcing in and out his chest.

I had just thought of having to massage the heart when color crawled into the cheeks and his eyelids flickered. He started faintly and gently to breathe again by himself.

It took under half a minute, but for that time he had been, in a sense, dead.

Sister then told me that one should take off only about four pints at a time, slowly. We measured it. I had taken a bucket and a quarter, about twenty-five pints, in a quarter

of an hour. I remembered now that the textbooks too had warned me.

I felt rather sick at what I had nearly done, and walked out of the ward for fresh air.

I returned in a few minutes looking guiltily at the nurses, but the patient was by now sitting half up in bed and talking. When I went up he grabbed my hand in both of his, thanked me in Greek, buried my hand in his mustache to kiss, and then pressed it to his forehead. He started weeping.

Andreas said: "He does not realize that the other thing happened, doctor. He is thanking you for taking so much water from his stomach."

The patient, whose name was Frangos, reached under his bed and pulled out a bottle of a dirty off-white liquid, with no label on it. He shook it at me.

"It is the *Zivania*, doctor. He is offering you to drink. But only take a little, doctor. You are not used to it. It is very strong."

I took a medicine tumbler and poured in some of the greasy straw-colored spirit, and then sipped a mouthful; it was tasteless, just rather heavy and oily. Then, after the first taste, a blow-lamp opened up on the roof of my mouth and seared down my throat, leaving scorched dry skin behind. I gasped for cool air.

*Zivania* is the last distillation from everything—skins of grapes and pips and pulp, the local form of hooch. It must be one of the most powerful drinks in the world.

Andreas was laughing. "You see, doctor, because it is a so strong drink the English have made it illegal. Because it is illegal they do not tax it, and so it is very cheap. Because it is very strong—it is very cheap. That is why we drink it."

Frangos had had half a liter a day for twenty years. His liver must be as pickled as onions.

He asked me if he could take just a sip. Although I am no teetotaler I thought it was medically advisable not to do so. He looked sorrowful at this and then, saying "*Eh*"—roughly the equivalent of *alors*—put the bottle aside.

The next day of course there was another bottle of *Zivania* under his bed, and within a fortnight he had to have a paracentesis again.

He died through *Zivania* and liver failure some weeks later, which might interest the Salvation Army—except that ultimately I drank all my bottle, and greatly enjoyed it, diluted eight times or more with ginger.

I went around my other patients, listening to their stories, with Andreas translating the Greek; and Hassan, a Turkish orderly, translating from his language into Greek, for Andreas to retranslate for me; trying to find out what was wrong, to remember my books, understand their diseases, and help. While I was doing it there was a telephone call in the office.

"Hallo, doctor, this is children's ward. There is a baby here needs a blood transfusion—the pediatricians are in the clinic. It's urgent. The instruments are boiled and we've got some packed cells ready. Can you come quickly?"

"Coming."

As I ran to the ward I met the sister coming to meet me.

"What's wrong, sister?"

"It's a case of favism, doctor."

"What on earth is that?"

"Don't you know? That's another of their strange Cypriot diseases—they've got a whole catalogue all on their own. Favism usually gets the kids. They get it from eating a kind of ordinary broad bean and within a few hours they collapse. The blood breaks down and comes out in the urine."

I vaguely remembered a small footnote in a large book. Pythagoras forbade Greeks to eat beans.

"If ever you have a collapsed Cypriot with red urine, just ask if he's been eating beans. That's all the diagnosis you need."

We had reached the baby's cot in the children's ward by now. It looked extremely weak and pale. A thought struck me.

"Surely this baby can't have been eating beans? It's far too young. Have we got the right diagnosis?"

"Oh, yes, doctor! Baby is breast-fed but mother ate the beans. The mother is all right. We once had a man who collapsed when he smelled beans. Don't ask me what causes it."

The baby was severely ill. A laboratory report showed that it had only 8 per cent hemoglobin; a healthy baby would have 110 to 120 per cent of the average. This infant had lost fourteen fifteenths of its available blood in a day.

"Doctor, the veins are useless, I think you had better do a cut-down."

"Oh dear, must I?" It seemed a drastic thing to cut into a child; once personality has developed there can be a more rational view of pain, but a baby arouses universal instincts of tenderness. Also, I was not experienced in cutting-down.

"Sister, babies are not my job."

She just looked at me. There was no one else about, the case was obviously urgent. I picked up the knife.

As the baby was unconscious, I gave no anesthetic but just cut the skin down into the fat little ankle, probed about until I found a diminutive vein, made a nick and pushed in the tube. Then I attached the blood set to the tube and started it flowing slowly. Although this small operation took only a few minutes, such was the effect of not wishing to injure the child (even though it was unconscious) that once again I finished trembling and covered in sweat. However, once more, within minutes the baby started to get better. A

pale dawn of color crept over the white cheeks and minutes later it stirred and began, weakly, to cry.

. . . . .

This was learning medicine the hard way—making mistakes, having to do things one had not done before, frightening things, but which being a doctor, although the most inexperienced in the world, it was my responsibility and duty to do. There are things no medical school or textbook can teach.

Sister Joan said: "Very nice, doctor. I didn't think you'd do it, but a nice neat job all the same."

I walked down the white corridor, head in air and pride popping my shirt buttons.

Very nice, she had said. I was learning.

## 4

Another telephone call; of all people, the captain of the previous night asking me to take a drink with him that evening. As I put the receiver down it rang again.

"Hallo, doctor. Doctor, you busy?" I said I was free for the moment.

"Doctor, you can do something for me. Come to the switchboard room in five minutes' time, but do not let no one see you come. This is Andreas, the operator."

"What is it?"

"I cannot tell you on the phone, doctor. Please come down to here."

I went down wondering what it was all about. When I got to the switchboard room I recognized this other Andreas; I had seen him stumbling around the corridors in dark glasses with a white stick, completely blind. I had not realized that he was a telephone operator, and now wondered how he did his job. He was reading an enormous book in Braille; I slipped into the room; his head shot up and moved about as if with antennae, to feel who and where I was.

He put out his hand so I extended mine. Instead of shaking it he felt all over it with his fingers.

"British," he said, "young. Yes. It is the doctor. Welcome, doctor."

I asked him what he was reading.

"The Bible, doctor. This is a book about Isaiah, but it is not very good."

"How do you do your work here if you are blind?"

"I know where all the connections are; it is easy."

"But you cannot read the telephone numbers?"

"No, it does not matter. I learned them."

"You mean the hospital telephone numbers?"

"No, the numbers in Cyprus. My friends read to me the name and the number and I learn them. It is not so difficult, doctor, only a few thousand."

We sat talking for a while as I waited for him to tell me his trouble while he flicked switches, plugged in connections, and dialed outside numbers with accuracy and speed. It was peculiar to notice that he did all this without ever looking at the switchboard. Of course, he didn't need to look, but it still seemed strange.

"My trouble is like this, doctor. I have bought tickets from the government lottery to make some money; every man does this, but EOKA says it will kill anyone who buys the English lottery tickets."

"Hasn't the Lottery been burnt down?"

"Yes, I think, but they had already made the draw. The numbers of the winning tickets are in the papers."

"Yes."

"Well, you see, doctor, I cannot read the papers."

"Oh, of course not. You want me to find out if you have won?"

"I hope you do not mind, doctor, but I could not ask the others."

"I thought you told me they also bought the tickets?"

"Yes, but each one does it quietly so that no one else can know. You do not know who will give you away to EOKA."

"Surely it's not as bad as that, Andreas?"

"It is, doctor; things are not good. I know there will be



troubles." He put his hand on the Braille Bible. "Before Isaiah, doctor, I read Job. That was much more interesting."

"How long have you been blind, Andreas?"

"They tell me since I was two years old, but I do not remember."

I took his tickets and went off to check the lottery in the papers. He had, of course, won nothing.

The buying of tickets was interesting—EOKA was being disobeyed but each man was afraid to tell his neighbors.

I went back.

"Sorry, Andreas. Nothing for you in the papers."

"Are you sure, doctor? Quite certain?"

"Quite sure."

"Oh. I never have won anything, and it takes up so much of my salary. It is a pity. But you know, doctor," and his face looked around earnestly, "next time, or maybe the time after that, I must by then win something. I will get all my money back, and some extra too."

"What will you do?"

"I will go to see Athens."

"You won't be able to see it."

"No, but I will be able to feel it and to hear the people, and there will be many beautiful smells, the others tell me. They say Athens is a wonderful city, doctor."

There never was a next time. The Lottery had been blown up and by the time it was going again the grip of EOKA was far too tight to allow anyone even to buy a ticket. Andreas was left only to ponder on Job and dream of a paradise of smells.

I met the captain at the Gourmets, which was the best restaurant in Cyprus. The proprietor was introduced to me by the captain as Chris. "Grand chap Chris, only decent

Cypriot on the island. Bloody good cook too, and knows his place."

Chris returned with the wine list, rubbing his hands deferentially. His white suit was dirty with egg and tomato stains on it.

"I say, Chris, you look a bit scruffy tonight. Been having a bundle in the kitchen?"

"No, sir, you must excuse this, but there was a fight in the market today, and the Turks threw food at us. We can't get it off."

I noticed some photographs on the walls of "eights" rowing on a river. Chris saw me looking at them.

"Yes, I used to run a restaurant in London and I joined the Thames Rowing Club. I used to enjoy rowing very much—but we have no rivers in Cyprus."

The walls needed only crossed oars and club badges to look like those of a rowing Blue.

"Trouble in the market," said the captain. "Doc, are you carrying iron?"

"Iron?"

"Metalwork, old fruit. Hardware. A bang-bang. Have you got a gun?"

I said no; that anyway I did not want to have a gun.

"It's a very good idea, chum." He patted his armpit. "I am."

There was a faint bulge in his exquisitely cut suit. "Actually it's illegal in civvies, but the C.O. strongly advised us to do so. You really ought to carry iron, old cock, you never know what might happen. Big trouble."

I asked him had he seen any trouble; he replied no, not actually, but he knew of lots of other chaps who had. I decided then not to carry "iron." It was not for that I had come to Cyprus.

Chris came over to offer us the menu. I accepted it and said, "*Efkaristo*, Chris."

"Good God!" said the captain, "what's that?"

"Just 'thank you' in Greek," I said. "Same word as 'eucharist.' I think literally it means 'good grace.'"

"Do you speak this Greek stuff?" said the captain.

"Only a few phrases—but I want to. Enough, at least, to make myself understood."

"Don't worry, dear chap, you don't need it. I've been here a year, and found you only need one word. 'Oki.' It means 'No.' I learned that one."

I mentioned that even Mr. Molotov had not done more; he never said other than "*Nyet.*"

"Yes, old cock, but all this Greek, you know, you shouldn't use it. These people must understand they're British. Greek is bad form, and anyway it's a wog language."

Thus was dismissed the tongue of Homer, Plato, Aristotle, Socrates, Pythagoras, Euclid, Xenophon, Sophocles; of Cavafy and Katzansakis. He had had a sound and efficient military education.

We studied the menu; Chris brought us food that few English cooks could imitate. Apart from myself there was no other male civilian in the place, only officers, mainly of the Brigade of Guards, and a few of their wives.

The captain complained bitterly about the island. There was nothing to do—except a little sailing at Kyrenia, some riding at Famagusta, swimming, of course, all the year round, skiing on the Troodos mountains in the winter, drinking, and getting out of it all.

"The place is a bore, old man, a dreadful bore. And these wogs!"

The only Cypriots he knew were Chris and a taxi driver. In a whole year the only places he had been to were his own regimental mess, the officer-class-only Harbour Club at Kyrenia, and the restaurant we were eating in now. Poor captain, no wonder he was bored.

We had an excellent meal with good wine, but I did not ask for more opinions on Cyprus; he was more interesting on the self-loading rifle and section rockets.

But I learned an important social distinction. Only the better-class regiments called the Cypriots "wogs." The others called them "Cypos."

I got into the habit of stopping by the bed of Charalambros Kyprou several times a day. He had few visitors because his family was poor and lived far away over the island, so they could not afford to come into the city often. Rarely someone would come to see him by catching the one bus that started out from the village for Nicosia early in the morning, and returned in that same one bus late at night.

The bus was a rickety, dilapidated coach, crowded in the front with uncomplaining but nevertheless noisy human beings, and in the back with still noisier animals for the market, the whole overflowing with vegetables and fruit.

Other folk from his village would stop by Kyprou to say hallo, but he had very few visitors of his own.

So I visited him.

Sometimes, as is the universal gift to the sick, I brought him fruit; sometimes sweets, and got a kick out of choosing something different and exciting for him each day. But whether the giver likes it or not, the most appreciated present to a child is money; then *he* gets the kick of choosing. Kyprou got the spare piasters out of my pocket.

He was the youngest patient and the oldest inhabitant of the men's medical ward and, as such, became the mascot of the others. The bare walls of the ward had lost for him their inhospitality and strangeness, and grew in slow time to become his home, as the other patients, old men dying, young getting better, grew into his family. Even the most cantankerous of them, a middle-aged storekeeper with high blood pres-

sure, who was either irritable and rude or sulky with everyone else, warmed to Kyprou with the slow smile and pathos of mortality on his face.

Occasionally I would have to perform on the boy some minor operation, maybe another sternal marrow or a paracentesis which, gentle as I could be, was bound to pain him. He would resent it and cry and plead with me no more to hurt him; and afterwards not speak to me for days. The piasters would be offered and accepted in mutual silence while I would grieve as much as he.

The family relationship of Kyprou and the hospital almost went too far. If I had become a father figure who cared for him and supplied him with treats—and also punished, as those medical investigations must have seemed—so did sister become the mother figure. Therefore we must be married. But it gave me a jolt to hear, referring to Sister Joan:

*"I yineka sou ine omorphi, iatre."*

"Your woman is good-looking, doctor."

I checked later. In Greek, as in many other Mediterranean languages, there is only one word for woman and wife. This useful device might cause confusion while saving embarrassment, but Sister Joan was not my woman.

Kyprou had a new neighbor, Aristotle, who we thought was suffering from either thrombophlebitis or phlebothrombosis or both. Aristotle had been to London once and disdained to talk Greek when he had the opportunity to talk English.

"The top of the morning, doctor."

"Same to you, Aristotle."

"That is a good one, doctor? And you know a reply?—'A very nice bottom for the evening!' I conceived of that greeting myself."

I congratulated him. "How are you today, Aristotle?"

His expression went sad.

"Today, doctor, not good. I have pain in the fingers of my left-hand foot."

I needed no interpreter for that one as a *dactyl* is Greek for finger or toe. But it was his *right* leg that had been affected—maybe the disease was starting up on the left as well, or it might not be a disease of the veins, but of the arteries. I said I might have to do some more oscillograph recordings on his legs.

"Oh, no, doctor, I have had those things. They pain me. I just need a—how do you say?—a clysma."

"What's a clysma?"

"Just like in cataclysm, doctor; you know what I mean—a cataclysm is a clysma that comes downstairs."

"I don't get it."

Aristotle appealed to the orderly, Andreas, and then opening his hands said: "There, doctor, I told you. An enema. That is a clysma. That will help me."

I told him that I hardly thought that a clysma, even not coming downstairs, would help the fingers of his left-hand foot much, and that the oscillograph would help more.

"All right, doctor, but I need a clysma. Anyway, I am fed up with this hospital. I go to England. I am *constipated*."

Those who did not like our treatment always wanted to go to England, which they considered, shrewdly enough, to be the Mecca of the medical world, but the treatment they got in Nicosia Hospital was as good as they could have got anywhere. The few diseases we could not treat were sent to England at government expense—but this did not include all cases of chronic constipation.

## 5

Ledra Street is crooked, high and narrow, and the great main street of all Cyprus. One car could just pass another, but often only if pedestrians moved right into open doorways of shops. There is no pavement or curb on either side along most of its length; alleys and dark arched courtyards lead off it unexpectedly between the shops—Tilbian's, the Armenian art and craft shop, Fisher's for photographic equipment, the smart stores of the Metaxas Square end; and dirty open caves at the other end of the street in the steaming, pulsating Oriental heart of the city.

Pushing and elbowing through the crowd of shoppers, sweating in the spring sunshine angled off the tall houses, under the shadow of Manglis derelict skyscraper, I was trying to hunt a guitar repairer. Mine had been broken by the head of one of his brother officers when the captain, entering my room one midnight and drunk, had found himself losing an argument. The brother officer was in the Paratroops, and his head must have been toughened by frequent landings from great heights, for he was uninjured, but the guitar was now just six loose strings, with bits of wood tied onto their ends.

A horn hooted behind my legs. I leaped with the crowd into the side to let the car pass and then moved back with the swarm into the road. An old man on a bicycle slowly weaved in and out of the shoppers with his head bowed.

Pieces of paper were fluttering from under his coat, falling on the road, as he slowly cycled on; I raised an arm to tell him to stop, and at the same time bent down to pick up some of the paper, but the old man had disappeared in the crowd or turned down one of the alleys.

I looked at the paper. It was cyclostyled in Greek, a long page full of it. Down at the end of the page, in capitals, it was signed: "DIGHENIS, EOKA."

A pamphlet! Also in capitals were the letters "FOYT," Sir Hugh Foot, governor of the island. My Greek was not yet good, but I tried to make out the letters bit by bit. It made no sense at all until in the second line I made out the words: "*necros, haema cie katastrophes.*" I needed little knowledge to make that out: death, blood and catastrophe. Was Dighenis threatening death and catastrophe or accusing us of causing them? I could not work it out.

Suddenly I became startled by a great silence; looking up and around me I saw that the road had become empty. No people, no bicycle, no fluttering paper, not a car. Ledra Street was as clean as if it had just been washed. Down a far off-side turning a motorcycle appeared, revved up, and roared into the opposite alley in a great hurry. A shop's shutters slammed, hooked down from the inside.

The street was like an enormous gaunt coffin with only a streak of unreachable sky showing clear up top.

Far off there was the clang of a fire engine, and farther down the street I saw a door stealthily closing. This so-called main thoroughfare, in reality just a second-rate back street, was infamous. Its other name was "Murder Mile," for many people had been killed in Ledra Street and this was the way it had happened. British soldiers off duty were not allowed inside the city, and civilians came down rarely, and then only in twos and threes, or in closed cars. I had been warned not to walk in it alone.



I felt my back contract and my whole body stiffen. My shoulder blades closed together across the back as if they were clutching one another. Slowly I turned round and faced up the deserted street down which, a few moments before, I could hardly move for people; now I could hardly move for this strange stiffness in my limbs.

I leaned forward onto my toes. It was the only way to walk, for my legs in fear had become unbendable stilt sticks. One foot in front of the other, one foot in front of the other, not daring, or else too proud, to look directly behind me, feeling a thousand pairs of eyes behind doors, shutters and sharp counters looking at me, I stalked up the street, keeping in the middle. The open ground felt safer.

As I came round a corner I saw Metaxas Square away ahead of me and beyond it the open spaces of the suburbs.

Why could I not get my shoulder blades unjammed? A particular reaction to the expectation of being shot in the back, the most likely death? Was it just part of the general extensor overactivity throughout the body? Going up the road my mind was ridiculously humming over this problem in medical terms—why extensor activity? Granted being afraid, which I was, would not an attitude of flexion have been biologically more useful? The more I tried to loosen my shoulders the tighter they became.

A shot rang out. I leaped into the air like a scared cat and landed in a shop doorway on my belly, one hand covering my head and the other the guitar. I lay frightened, holding my breath, motionless on the cement awaiting another shot.

I heard an engine putter off. It had only been a motorcycle backfiring down in the town. Sheepishly I got up, dusted off my clothes, and started up the main street again, feeling a fool. The street was still quiet and empty, but I felt more at ease. I even felt one up on the people behind locked doors in the houses, because I had got over being afraid (of a

motorbike) and inside they were still afraid. It made me feel even cheerful.

It took longer than I had been in Cyprus to know that they were right.

I reached Metaxas Square and the bright sunlight without any visible harm, except a knee grazed in my unheroic dash for safety. There were few people in the square. I bought a drink and a packet of cigarettes, then, while paying for the cigarettes, I started to shudder violently and could not stop myself. I could not get money out of my pocket and had to leave the cigarettes on the counter; I could not hold the drink for the shuddering. I sat in a chair with all my limbs and muscles quaking; there was nothing else I could do about it.

It continued for five minutes, and then slowly passed off into shivering with occasional spasms. I decided to remember to look up the physiology of fear in the textbooks at the hospital. Why extension? Why the shudder?

I never found out why—I discovered only this: bravery is not my forte.

In the hospital I met Stavros. I talked about Ledra Street. People had run to the houses because the military would be arresting those who picked up the pamphlet, and maybe because they thought EOKA might start trouble straight away, so he told me.

Stavros then came straight. "Tell me, now there is just you and me here, what do you think about Cyprus?"

I asked him what he meant.

"I mean, do you not think that the British do wrong in Cyprus? All we want is our freedom and the right to become part of that country we all love. Why do you not let us do this thing? Why do you keep soldiers here?"

It was difficult to answer. I came out with some of the good old stock replies: that on the whole I agreed with him,

but the Middle East being what it was, Cyprus was necessary as a base, that anyway the Cypriots did have freedom, they were not slaves; that they had been offered many constitutions, promising everything except actual ENOSIS with Greece, but that the Cypriots had turned them all down.

Stavros took over. "No, that is not true. We are slaves. We cannot get out of the island unless the British let us, the British government. And we cannot get in. My cousin is a Cypriot at university in Athens. He came here for his holiday but they did not let him off the boat. He had to go back to Athens. He had no money. He was a British subject and he was not even allowed into his own country."

"There must have been some reason."

"No, there was no reason. He was a good boy, he would do no harm. Then there are the concentration camps. Do you know how many people the British have put in the concentration camps? About four thousand—and not one of those people has had a fair trial. There they are beaten by soldiers; some of them are tortured and killed."

"You are exaggerating, Stavros."

"I do not exaggerate! I have many friends who were tortured by the British soldiers. And anyway, look at what the English have done for Cyprus. England has been here eighty years—we have no university. We must go to Athens or London, and we can only afford to go to England on a scholarship—if the British government gives the scholarships. Look at Cyprus. Eighty years! There is no railway, the roads are bad, there is no theater here, no ballet, no opera!"

He was becoming red with excitement, obviously going through discussions he had argued for years with his friends.

"The British Army comes here—it will pay any money for a house for the families of soldiers. The cost of living goes very high. Where can we afford the money to pay for such a house?"

"We have to buy all our goods from England at prices fixed by the government. We could buy these things cheaper and better from other countries, but the British will not let us, or else they tax them so high that we cannot afford them. Taxes and income tax—where does all the money go? You must look for yourself, it does not go to Cyprus—it must go to England. All the best jobs in Cyprus go to the English. Who is my boss in the hospital? An English. And who is above him? Another English. Why must I always be under an English? And why, because I am not English, can I never be boss?"

He was spluttering his arguments with the speed and power of a torrent; I could not argue with him, but kept thinking over what he said.

As far as I knew, people were not tortured and killed in concentration camps. There were camps for "unconvicted prisoners," people suspected of crimes but against whom, for fear, evidence could not be obtained. Many of these were probably guilty; but many, too, were quite probably innocent because, if a man is to be arrested just on suspicion, it is the person who suspects who decides what is suspicious, and any swarthy face can look evil to a certain type of mind.

As Stavros said, the roads were not good; and the tax-favored British cars did not last long on them.

The best jobs, although not necessarily the best paid, were largely in British hands, often because the British were better, sometimes only because the British were there. Gillespie, my chief, had far higher degrees and greater experience than any other doctor on the island and most certainly deserved his position. On the other hand, all the surgeons were Greek; the British did not collar all the jobs.

Stavros had got back to talking about liberty and ENOSIS, "uniting with the country we love"—Greece.

I interrupted, saying: "Yes, but what about the Turkish

Cypriots? Don't they have any rights? They don't want to be ruled by Greece!"

"How can you expect an 18 per cent minority to have rights!"

"Stavros! Do you really mean that? The Greeks invented democracy—and you ask me how can a minority have rights!"

"No, you get me wrong. It is only because of the language. I mean *how can an 18 per cent minority have equal rights?*"

I looked at him; I saw that he really meant that one.

He did not want the Turks to have equal rights—he wanted them to be governed by the Greek Cypriots. Although he did not know it, he only wanted to be rid of British dominion in order to be top dog and impose dominion on someone else, to be the boss. Stavros also finished up with the phrase, "Anyway, the Turks are stupid."

The subject of EOKA killings arrived.

"They are necessary," he said, "to get our freedom."

"No killings are ever necessary, Stavros, and these killings are just murders."

"I am sorry, of course, for the English, but these killings have to be done, even of civilians. If you will not go from Cyprus we must kill you—remember this is the twentieth century, it is the age of nationalism."

I was becoming annoyed at this intransigence, and argued that this was an age of *internationalism*, that Cypriots did not deserve independence if they went around killing the innocent, and reminded him of Ghana and like places that had achieved independence peacefully. But to give independence to EOKA . . .

"My friend," said Stavros, "we are all EOKA now."

## 6

An English artist lived in a Greek village near Kyrenia, in the foothills of the Kyrenia mountain range. It was not considered safe for him to live there but he had been in the village for a long time, and anyway he could not be bothered to move. Artists do unreasonable things we ordinary people can never comprehend. He was tolerated in the village, although nobody understood him and they could not afford to be seen talking to him. The village and he just lived separate lives; peaceful co-existence.

The time had come for him to give a party; he invited some special friends, bought a small suckling-pig, wine, brandy, wood for the fire, and gay sweets from the sweetshop of Vasos in Kyrenia—Vasos who used to spend the weeks enclosed in curfew making fruit shapes from marzipan, banana shapes, lemon shapes, oranges, grapefruit, nuts and strawberries—all carefully colored with essences of each fruit added to make a correct taste, and leaves made of marzipan with little stalks. He now has several hundredweight of these sweetmeats because there was a lot of curfew. Clito supplied wine from his own village of Strubmi, mixed, as it tastes best, four parts dry to one part sweet.

The day came for the party. The artist picked up a knife and went into the garden to catch and kill his little suckling-pig. The little pig had been rolling in the muck and was slippery, and very fast; it ran round and round the garden.

The artist was too sensitive. When he at last caught the pig in a corner with one foot on it (because it was so dirty) he could not bring himself to cut its throat. It squealed, his foot slipped and it ran away again.

What was he to do? The guests would soon arrive; the shops in the village were shut; he had promised his guests suckling-pig; anyway, he had nothing else apart from fruit and the fruit-shape sweets. He decided to see the village butcher.

Now, the butcher was also the village priest. The Orthodox Church is poor and in the country the priests are ordinary Cypriots on weekdays and men of God only on the Sabbath. Of all the people in the village whom it was awkward to speak to, the priest was the most difficult because the Church led the anti-British movement—the priest would have difficulty in making it seem he was not fraternizing with the English.

So the artist waited until it was dark and then crept out his own back door. He made a wide circuit of the village, so as not to be seen, went over the fields and through the woods, and eventually came to the back door of the village priest. He knocked gently. The door opened. The housekeeper let him in and told him to wait in the parlor. The priest arrived, black Gothic cassock, round black flat-topped hat, black bearded; they did not put the lights on; humbly and in a quiet voice the artist explained his predicament. The butcher-priest listened and nodded; hesitated; and then, asking the artist not to tell a soul, they went out of his house and made the wide detour of the village across the fields and the woods to the artist's cottage where the priest in his robes, with pride in his expertise, caught and swiftly slit the pig's throat; then out of the kindness of his heart, cut it up and put it on the spit while the artist looked away. They went into the house, had one drink standing up in the darkness, and shook hands.

It was only about thirty seconds across the village to the priest's house, but once again he made alone the wide circle of the village from back door to back door, unseen.

The suckling-pig went down very well; with the melon, olives, fruits, the sweets, wine, and good company it made an excellent evening.

Some months later the artist was in his house reading by a lamp in the evening with his back door open to the still night. He heard a voice whispering outside in Greek, "The light—put out the light."

He turned out the lamp. In came the priest. He offered the priest a drink; they sat down this time, talked of the pig and other things, and waited for the priest to get to the point.

The priest mentioned that the bishop was coming to make his annual diocesan visit to the village the next day, a most important affair, for it was the village's feast day, the name day of the local patron saint. The church was stacked with beautiful flowers and had been cleaned; the ikons were polished and gleaming, new candles in their holders; all the village would be there in their best clothes and the girls would be dressed in costume to receive the bishop. But there was one thing missing which would mean catastrophe. Would the artist help?

But of course! What was it?

There were no political slogans on the church, and the priest had no paint.

The artist, being an artist, must have paint.

So, gathering brushes and expensive artist's oil color, they crept out together, again around the fields in the darkness and round the village to the church. There, in blue and white—the colors of Greece—they painted up the slogans: "ENOSIS," "EOKA," "ZETO MAKARIOS," "Death to the British." Was that enough? The priest suggested "Down with the monster Macmillan" if the artist did not mind? The artist



warmed to his job and stayed until the early hours of the morning; he had to go back for more paint and found on returning that the priest had left a note pinned to the church door saying that as he must be fresh for the service in the morning he had to go to bed, but please carry on; there was food, if wanted, in the vestry.

Near dawn the artist crept back to bed, this time straight across the village; as he went to sleep he heard bells start to ring heralding the feast of the saint.

The bishop was very pleased. The village's name was saved, the flowers were beautiful, the slogans were the most tasteful, the most perfectly arranged that he had seen; what was that small one down in the corner near the ground by the door? The priest saw it and gulped; then, inspired, told the bishop it was a vulgar phrase in English slang, exquisitely vile.

The artist had signed his masterpiece.

Another Englishman, a different kind of person from the artist, considered himself to be quite a lad. Although a bit past the age to be one of the boys, he liked to think he was still and tried to be so. He considered himself a great success with women; and through conceit and continual offering of himself for service, he quite probably was.

He got involved with a very pretty girl who was the wife of a Greek Cypriot doctor and became for some time her lover; doctors work hard, and as the Greek was at work for longer hours than the Englishman they never coincided. The affair was running smoothly for everyone until the Englishman who (as I said) was getting just a bit past it, noticed that he was becoming slightly, not completely, impotent. He was not as potent as he had been in his teens, which Kinsey maintains is the period of maximum potency in the male.

After worrying over this awhile he decided to see a doctor.

He did not want to see a British doctor as he did not desire his relations with a local girl to be known in government circles; maybe did not trust their discretion, maybe he was too embarrassed to let an Englishman know.

The only other doctor he knew was the husband of his mistress. The situation had been so discreetly conducted, however, that the husband could know nothing, and anyway, as he would not be mentioning the girl's name, he decided to consult the man he was cuckolding, who had the reputation of being a good doctor knowing all the latest treatments.

He rang up the doctor and arranged a visit. The doctor listened sympathetically to the sad, but common enough, story. He asked a few questions, but not, of course, the name of the girl or whether it was the Englishman's wife or not. How often did they have relations? Was he working too hard? Had he had any illness recently? Was the lady attractive? Had their relations ever been interrupted by people walking in on them, or anything of that kind? No. Had this ever happened to him with any other woman? And so on.

The doctor took some blood to check if the cause of the weakness was anemia, some water to test for diabetes, and an X ray of the chest in case his patient (as the Englishman had by now become) had contracted t.b., and asked him to call back a few days later for the results of the tests, and for treatment. Psychological causes might be considered later.

When the Englishman came back the doctor told him that the reason for his failing power was simply because he was not as young as he used to be, and recommended a course of injections. They would be rather expensive as they were a special Swiss preparation of hormone, but they were guaranteed to work and had done so, indeed, on many of the doctor's other patients, although, said the doctor laughingly, he had never yet used them on himself, but then he was much younger than the Englishman. The Englishman

thought this funny too. The Englishman would have to learn to inject himself, in the buttock, every day.

There was only one point. This hormone was a biological extract (which was why it was so expensive) and could not be expected to work as quickly as ordinary drugs.

One must not expect miracles. The extract would take some time to have an effect—in fact, the Englishman might continue to get worse for some time before he got better, but at all costs he must carry on with the hormone injections even if they did not seem to be working; once he stopped it could mean starting all over again from scratch.

Some months later the Englishman rang us up to make an appointment; he came to tell us the story of his impotence and how he had already had treatment from the local doctor, whom we knew.

"The awful thing is," he said, "that it has not made me any better at all—in fact, I'm worse; I used only to be slightly off form, so to speak, but now I can't do it at all!" He started weeping. "I don't even *want* to."

We patted him and consoled him a bit.

He said: "I've been losing my hair down below and putting on weight in the wrong places. I'm even growing breasts!"

He suddenly got into a rage, ripped open his trousers and said, "Look!"

Cyprus is very small, an island of secrecy where no secret is kept. The doctor had been giving him hormones all right as he had promised, but had not specified the hormones of which sex.

Even Hippocrates might have done the same under the circumstances had he thought of it; which, being Greek, he probably would.

## 7

A few days later in the ward Charalambros Kyprou began getting very ill, for his heart had not enough blood to keep it going and started to fail. We had finished taking samples of his blood, and now we could put a transfusion into him without confusing investigations, but he was still severely short of breath. The very blood transfusion, although giving him more blood to work with, at the same time put an increased strain on the heart as there was more fluid to be pumped about the body. Remember what an amazing and hard-working organ the heart is. From long before birth until the moment of death it contracts with the power of a clenching fist to squeeze blood into every nook of the body; it does this at least once every second—try clenching your fist seventy-two times a minute for just ten minutes; poor Kyprou's heart was tired and had not got the strength. His enormous eyes with the thick fringe of lashes did not smile any longer when I came to say hallo; he was too exhausted, and just looked sideways at me in pain, trying to catch up with his breathing. He was kept sitting up in bed; even so, he gripped the side of the bed with his hands to help him use his shoulders in the act of inspiration. At each inhalation his nostrils flared out as if they were trying to suck in the air and the muscles of his neck went taut. The more blood we gave him the more work we gave his heart; the more strenuously he breathed the more it tired him.

Instead of giving him normal blood, we put bottles of blood in a centrifuge machine that spun them around and around hundreds of times a minute until all the red cells were pressed down to the bottom half of the bottle. It was only cells he needed; we drained off the rest and gave him just these, which prevented the heart having to push around the unnecessary other half-pint. Also we gave him digoxin, the drug most commonly used nowadays both to strengthen the action of the heart, and to slow it if it is going too fast. Digoxin is a medicine to the diseased heart but poison to the normal, and so must be handled carefully.

The rhythm of Charalambros Kyprou's heart had changed. It was very fast and, instead of going "thup-bop, thup-bop" (like a man in clogs limping), which is the sound of a normal heart, his was like a galloping horse—"thumpity-bom, thumpity-bom," about 120 times a minute. We requested the surgeons to see him and asked them if they would operate, which might make him better; but they quite rightly refused as he was not fit for an operation at this time. The whole of the art, as apart from the science, of medicine is a weighing up of the chances; which of two right things to do, and when. We had to leave it to the surgeon and the anesthetist to do an operation when they thought he was fit; and we ourselves had to do our best to get him fit. Not all cases of this disease need an operation, but a single fact alone made it clear that he was one of those who must—if he was not operated on he would die. We could tide him over for the time being with compressed blood and digoxin, but without an operation he would not last very long.

His mother, after tears, gave her consent to the operation. It must be difficult to let men cut up your young, especially with so sweet a child as this, and it was up to me, with a certain loathing, to persuade her. She was a sensible woman, and she agreed after a short while; but I had to be callous

enough to give her the facts. "Unless you allow this, your son will die; and all the fault will be yours." How she must have hated me at the time.

The same day a girl with a fractured arm came to see the orthopedic specialists, the bone surgeons. She looked about twelve years old. An X ray of the arm showed that the shell of the bone was thin, which was why it had fractured. Her real age was twenty-two, not twelve, and she was also sexually and mentally immature. There was no hair in the right places, even the hair on her head was thin; she was small and crooked because the bones of her spine had collapsed. She, too, had Cooley's anemia; the marrow of the bones had expanded to produce the blood she was lacking, and so the bony shell became too thin and had cracked. The skin of her face was yellow, wrinkled, and discolored by brown blotches; on undressing she was a great protuberant tummy, full of fluid, with a large spleen bouncing around inside. She was breathless and slow in walking.

This girl was a servant, a housemaid; she was only brought along to the hospital by her mistress because of the broken arm, but it was obvious that she could not have been fit for housework for months past, if not for years. The treatment of a fractured arm is to set it, then put it in plaster and a sling, but I tried to get her into hospital to treat her general condition, using the arm as an excuse.

I rang the orthopedic consultant and asked if he had room for her.

"I'm frightfully sorry, old boy. I'm tight on the female beds."

I suggested it might be advantageous all round if he were a little more loose.

"Due to my bed position, dear doctor, it's better she gets plastered and goes home."

I did not attempt to translate these ambiguities into Greek.

What he said was true. Owing to continuous violence on the island, even before the troubles became really serious, the orthopedic wards were always full with fractured limbs. This girl would take a long time to heal and would occupy space which might be needed for more acute cases. So I contacted Dr. Gillespie, who was interested in Cooley's anemia, and he arranged to admit her as soon as possible.

The girl's mistress said she would bring her back after the weekend, if there was no curfew, after the girl had done the laundry. Because of her disease the girl was mentally retarded and left such decisions to her more strong-willed employer; but that mental deficiency of Cooley's anemia is a brain condition that can be relieved by taking out the spleen, a simple abdominal operation.

The fractured arm was put in plaster and hung by a sling from her hunchback neck and they went off. I advised the mistress that the girl could not do the week's washing with her arm in a sling.

The following week we kept a bed available for the girl in the medical ward, but the mistress never brought her back; they never came back at all; by now the girl is probably dead. The mistress had the right, as any guardian has, not to allow an operation on the girl; but not to bring her back to hospital for *treatment*, just in case she did not have a maid for a few weeks, that was surely, at the very least, an act of unspeakable selfishness.

Young Charalambros Kyprou, with time and treatment, got over the acute phase of his condition and was fit enough to stand an operation. Although still pathetically weak, he became cheerful and would play tricks on the nurses, the other patients, and of course myself. The day came when he had to be taken upstairs to the surgeons. Such a favorite had he

become that it was an unhappy day for all of us. Believe me, doctors and nurses are not always as hard as they are supposed to be; but equally anxious were the other patients in the ward, some of them old men who were soon going to die, and knew it; some old grumblers, some cheerful extraverts. Some were severely ill and in acute pain, but all forgot their own troubles in their concern for the boy. All through the morning one old grizzly mustache after another, gulping medicine with distaste, fingering amber beads to the ninety-nine names of Allah, would blurt out, "*To moro, iatre, pos ine?*" (The boy, doctor, how is he?)" or the equivalent in Turkish, but no news of value came down from above.

Eventually the doors were pushed open by the stretcher trolley and Charalambros came back, pale and unconscious but breathing, with a nurse holding up a bottle from which came his continuous transfusion. Sighs of relief echoed around the ward, and grins appeared on the crafty old faces, carnations stuck villainously between teeth. Sister, who had been fretting all the morning, went away now to make a cup of tea. The man with cirrhosis of the liver called me over, a wicked gleam in his eye. "*Ligaki Zivania, iatre?*" Although I had warned him not to touch alcohol any more, we had one small tot for the boy.

Charalambros slowly regained consciousness and became aware of the pain from the long operation wound, all the way down his belly wall. At each breath it hurt him and he began to cry, but only once did he let out a "*Kyrie eleison,*" when the dressing was pulled off weeks later. He got better and better over the days, color coming back to his cheeks, he required fewer transfusions, and grew livelier.

Then at last, after months in hospital, his mother came to take him away. I had never seen him in anything except pajamas, but his clothes, his best clothes and the ones in which he had come to hospital, were produced from a cupboard—



an enormous pair of cast-off army boots, collarless striped shirt, a torn pair of pants and a good strong countryman's cap, all of them too big. He looked like a drawing of a street urchin of the nineties.

We warned his mother to bring him back for a checkup every month and that he would need more transfusions from time to time; then off he hobbled, holding his wound, slowly clumping out of hospital in his enormous clogs to catch the rickety country bus to take him back to his village.

## 8

"I can't tax *you*," the income tax inspector laughed in my face. "You're the poorest Briton on the island! Good lord, you are a doctor, aren't you?—and you get less pay than a private soldier! I thought doctors were money-spinners!"

I demurred. Not nowadays they aren't.

"You ought to do something about it, chum. Try a few operations—you know what I mean—bags of lolly in that; at least apply for some allowances."

So I went to see the Director of Medical Services, and applied for either an overseas or cost-of-living allowance, or both.

The director growled. "You're just an odd bod around the hospital!" he said. "You'll accept what I bloody well pay you!" As I still owed my air fare from England, I looked for another job to add to doctoring.

I found one. The radio station wanted a news reader. The pay was not much, fifteen shillings a go, but it could nearly double my salary from the hospital. I applied and went up for a voice test.

The Cyprus Broadcasting Service is built on a hill at Athalassa, outside Nicosia; the directions to get there were "go to the mental home, carry on a while and then go round the bend."

I took a taxi (capital outlay and so a justifiable expense)

and arrived just as work was finishing and the staff were coming out the gate. The first impression was so many pretty faces—and all in one building! Very bad distribution—I decided to get this job rather than any other. The Cypriots have a varying reputation for beauty in the history of their race, but many of the ancients who went there were impressed. This, remember, is the island of Aphrodite, of Venus. “This is the Island of Love” is not true, for Venus here had a bias to venery, but she blessed her islanders with appropriate physical charm. They were not sophisticated nor did they know how to make the best of themselves, but the freshness, the bearing of the girls in flat shoes, the Greeks with hair piled high, the Turks all a-fuzz; the proud, impudent, conceited carriage of neck and look in eye was most exciting.

I stood aside as they all came out, apparently from politeness but really to admire; then I approached the gate in the high fence that surrounded the station. A Turkish policeman advanced on me and an English voice from behind him said, “Put your hands up!” and, for the first time in my life, I was frisked, patted down my arms and sides, along the pockets, and insides and outsides of my legs down to the feet. I felt peculiarly embarrassed as if the schoolmaster did not trust me. CBS was security conscious.

The owner of the English voice, a Yorkshire one, joined me. “Put them down now. You must be the doctor,” he said. “I’m the security officer. Come along.”

The station was a small building, not the monument one expected to house the voice of a nation. From a corrugated iron outshed which looked like a gentlemen’s latrine came the sound of an enormous orchestra; I passed by in respectful silence. The security man said: “It’s all right. It’s just a sound-testing room.”

Inside the main building we went down coconut-matted

passages past small offices and entered one of them. "Mrs. Ingr," he said, "your new doctor."

This lady, in the relative wilds of Cyprus, could have stepped from the fashion pages of one of the better women's magazines, still modeling the clothes she was wearing. With kindness and charm she put me at my ease.

"Have you done this before?" she asked. "Have you ever worked for the BBC?"

I confessed I had not.

"Good," she said. "You see, here we like to do things our way. Anyone in the BBC always thinks he knows better. Take this script; it's yesterday's news; read it through a few times and we can try it on a tape."

In the few minutes I practically learned it by heart, including the weather forecast, then we went into another room and I sat in front of a microphone.

"When the red light is on, keep absolutely quiet; when the yellow one goes on, begin to speak. If you want to cough or take a glass of water there is a switch here by the microphone; press it down and it cuts off the sound. Once somebody hung his coat on the switch, and there was no news at all that evening—just a ten-minute silence. Another time he pressed it and by mistake released it again. 'This bulletin is a load of bunkum,' he said over the air—only he didn't say 'bunkum'; so do be careful." She went into the control room next door, which was full of knobs and dials and levers, and looked at me through a glass panel.

The red light was on, then yellow flashed. I began to read with knees quaking and trembling voice. After a few lines I pressed down the switch by the microphone; my finger slipped; pressed it down again. "Just experimenting," I called, but she could not hear. I grabbed a glass of water; it slopped all over the script. Then there was a boom in my ear. "Shall we start again?" she said.

We did. This time it was not too bad. "This is the Cyprus Broadcasting Service. The time is seven o'clock. Here is the news." (Signature tune.) First the headlines. "The Prime Minister, Mr. Macmillan . . ."

After, she played it over, and I got a shock. In all recordings other people's voices sound much the same, but one's own entirely different. I did not even realize it was my voice at first, and when I did I was, at the start, most embarrassed. The voice was deeper, more blasé, more dull than *I* ever meant to be. I realized why people behaved to me that way.

"Why, this is excellent," said Mrs. Ingr, interrupting my thought.

I was surprised; I started listening again and was slowly filled with amusement. Me or not, whatever was coming from the playback was a perfect news reading. Distinct, rather banal, but mistakeless, with just the right, but not too much, expression, cut into easy phrases, yesterday's news poured out.

I now recognized that voice from the box. It was not me, after all. It *was* the voice of authority. I roared with laughter at the ridiculousness of it and gurgled away all the water, tears splashing down my face, at the power of the spoken word on the radio.

I went to the canteen. The Yorkshire security officer was there. "Brandy or coffee?" he said in a thick accent. "Both." We sat down.

I asked him why he was doing this job. "Well, it's a long story. You see, I used to play the bassoon—my wife's an opera singer. I met her playing the bassoon—I used to be very good, you know. I love music, I was one of the best two or three bassoons in England, played with the Hallé, the BBC Philharmonic, the lot. Did very well out of it, too; I loved playing and had a fine future."

He told his tale in fine broad Yorkshire.

"Then a few years ago I got pyorrhea—you know, infection of the gums. Pus came out of them. Well, I tried every kind of treatment; nothing was any use. They said it might become dangerous and told me to have all my teeth out, which I did. I got some false teeth—here," he opened his mouth and the top set fell to the bottom, "but it's no use; you've got to blow the bassoon, and when I blow I whistle. So, if you see what I mean, that's how I came to be in Cyprus. Being up at the station here it's not so bad, even if I'm only a kind of policeman; one still hears a bit of music from time to time. Another drink?"

We had large rough brandies.

That night a pert blonde was to read the news, so I went with her to the studio. Red light on. I stayed very quiet. Yellow light. She started to read. Sitting half sideways in a chair, she ripped through it without mistake or hesitation: headlines, curfew state, international news, local news, announcement about forest fires, and the headlines repeated at the end with hardly a pause for breath. Afterwards, being interested, I said:

"Do tell me, what exactly was it happened in Famagusta?"

"Darling, I don't know. I never know when I'm reading. If you try to sound intelligent it doesn't appear right at the other end—just you think of the phrasing and the sense will look after itself. Bye!" Then she picked up some bouquets that she had with her and disappeared, tripping delightfully down the hall.

I started the next day. It did not interfere with the practice of medicine in the hospital as there were four news bulletins a day—7 A.M., 1 P.M., 7 and 11 at night, times when I would just have finished or not yet be starting work. At first I was nervous over the air but soon gained assurance. If the news was going to be long, one might have to decide in the middle of reading to cut some out at the end. I learned the correct,

or the approved, pronunciations—"Kokkinotrimithia," usually "K camp" for short, had to be said in full on the news. Greek and Turkish proper names and place names had to be pronounced fluently, and Arab names as well. The rule was, despite what I had been told, to follow the BBC, except in the case of Cyprus or the Middle East, where, of course, we knew better.

The first bulletin I read had a report about Famagusta, the old port on the east of the island. I read the name using short English vowels and was corrected. "Fāh-māh-gōō-stā" I was told, and went into the studio muttering it over and over, broadening all the vowels. It came out perfectly on the news; but the next town was "Limassol."

Work at the hospital, ward rounds, taking war histories, treating with increased confidence; up to the radio station, where I also made many friends, and back to the hospital again. Times were fairly peaceful and life was pleasant.

One night, at about ten minutes past ten, I was sitting waiting in the newsroom as the night editor was dictating the last few items to the secretary. The windows were open to the warm Cyprus night and outside, above the hill of Athalassa, was the radiantly dark, perfect hemisphere of a Mediterranean heaven pinpricked by the stars. All was quiet except for the murmur of dictation and the clicking typewriter.

There was a great bang. We rushed to the window but could see nothing. Bomb? If a bomb, a big one. A land mine? Where had it come from? It sounded near. What was happening?

The editor took the telephone. As a government service we had two main official sources of information—the Public Information Office and the Services equivalent, COSDO.

The P.I.O. said: "Really, dear chap? No, we heard absolutely nothing."

The editor took the other line to COSDO. COSDO said, "Nothing to say, old boy."

The phone rang. One of our lady editors, who was in the town, was speaking. "Ducky, did you hear a bomb just now? Yes: Ataturk Square. I was just having a brandy round the corner. Shall I cruise round and have a look-see, ducky? You can't actually use it on the news unless it's official, but you can use it to ask hard questions. Ring you back."

"The Turkish Information Office in the Turkish Quarter was bombed," she informed us later. "I could not get very near as a lot of Turkish boys were standing round."

By eleven o'clock, last news time, neither of our so-called information services would give us any useful information—not even as much as our own off-duty lady.

That bomb started the Cyprus Civil War.

The Turks said the Greeks had done it. The Greeks, this time probably correctly, maintained it was done by a Turkish agent provocateur, but some Greeks even blamed the British.

And then, in a small way at first, for reasons unknown, little troubles started all over the island, this time not against the English. In a small way—for a week or so.

There were riots in and around Nicosia, with clubs, cudgels and iron bars for weapons. There were many fires—half a dozen really big ones—including a timber yard blaze and the gutting of the Church of St. Luke. A Turkish Cypriot policeman in plain clothes off duty was shot dead in Kaimakli, a suburb of Nicosia. Archbishop Makarios announced that the split between the left wing and the right, EOKA, was a mistake and he would attempt to end



it; a left-wing trade-unionist was killed. The Lancashire Fusiliers blocked the exits to the market place with their vehicles and arrested all the men inside; in Famagusta twenty people were wounded and in Limassol seventeen.

Within a few days arson spread to the shops; some of this may have been business competition under cover of politics; the remains of St. Luke's Church were again set on fire; the firemen were stoned trying to put it out, twenty-six were injured and came to the hospital. A Turk and his wife were shot in their home in the Greek quarter of Nicosia and a Greek dustman in the town was killed. Elsewhere in the island four others died.

A Greek newspaper gave the weather forecast: "Outlook clear. Fire hazard: Turkish quarter, nil. Greek quarter, high. Greek churches, very high."

Archbishop Makarios said that "if the British cannot bring law and order to Cyprus, we will do it ourselves"; also, "Egypt could not feel safe while Cyprus was under foreign domination." St. Luke's Church, with some difficulty, was again set on fire; but nothing really special happened until Guenyeli.

Guenyeli is a one-horse village, a row of houses and huts on either side of the main road from Nicosia to Kyrenia. Due to a deficiency in the local diet a lot of the older inhabitants are bow-legged; it is called the "village of the bandy-legged men." Another name for it was "the village of the butchers"; many of the island's butchers come from there, and the village itself seems to have an unnecessary number of butchers' shops open to the road, with hooks and large curved knives proudly on show. The third name for Guenyeli used to be "the village of murderers." Before the last war one could send an order, as you would to a shop in England, and a small cash deposit; no questions would be asked; your murder

would be performed and then you sent the rest of the money. The price was only £10 Cypriot (about £9 15s. 6d. sterling) for an ordinary murder plus, of course, expenses, but there were higher rates if you wanted special touches.

Most of the murders done in this way were out of inter-family rivalry; it was not thought fair to kill for business reasons—and anyway the big businessman could afford more and better murders in return. It was all considered part of the amusing variety in the pattern of Cypriot life.

It is believed that this custom has fallen into abeyance; the price for killings went up with the cost of living; families whose daughters had been jilted preferred to take their own revenge, so instead of being done by professionals, murder decayed to the amateur status of a local handicraft and the bandy-legged Turks of Guenyeli went back to butchery on a more domestic scale.

About a week later, finishing work early, I went up at half past five in the afternoon to read the news at seven. The editor had it all ready. I read it carefully through—not very interesting. A riot by some Turkish women outside the central police station; a minor intercommunal disturbance in a village; arrests from a gathering of some youths at Skylloura—all fairly routine stuff by now.

I broadcast the news and handed back the news sheets to the editor, then had a drink in the canteen and went down to Nicosia, which was under curfew that night.

I was met at the hospital by one of my male orderlies, an intense young man called Violettis—"Violets"—who was rather given to exaggeration.

"Doctor, doctor, you know what happened? The Turks are murdering all the Greeks!"

"Oh, cut it out, Violettis!"

"No, doctor, it is true. At Guenyeli. The Turks have gone

out and been killing all the Greeks. I was sent by airplane to bring in some of the very bad. *I saw it, doctor.*"

He meant a helicopter.

An ambulance with police and army escort came to the casualty entrance where I was standing. The doors opened; bodies were brought out, and a great wail went up from the hospital; the windows were crowded with nurses and patients. This was followed by screams and shrieking, and someone started a frightening descant; a high-pitched wail descending to a tremulous groan—the keening for the dead, with a background of "*Aman, aman*," a Turkish word used by the Greeks for dismay.

I went into the hospital and ran upstairs. There was blood on the floors of the corridors, the surgical floor was full to overflowing, the wards were packed, patients were in beds outside the wards, with some lying on mattresses on the floor. Although I was in the medical department at that time, I asked permission to help and did what I could. It was not much.

The wounded were young Greek Cypriots. Some had been shot by rifles, some by shotguns. Most had deep cuts—they had been knifed or axed—and a few were clubbed. Heads and bellies were split open, there were wounds all over the body, in face, arms, chest and limbs. Some had limbs half hacked off, or fingers blown and broken like the limbs of old disjointed dolls from some explosion.

Every Greek person in the hospital, female and male nurses, doctors, maids, clerks and lift attendants were crowding round the beds, and there were others from outside, including two Greek journalists, one of whom I knew. Twenty or so people crowded round each bed, which was doing the wounded no good; a nurse who should have known better was giving water to one man due for immediate operation, a humane but unprofessional act which might cost

life—if he vomited under anesthetic he could drown in what he had drunk. Some were patting the heads and tucking up too tightly the unconscious, or, for want of anything better to do, fiddling around with blood transfusions and saline drips.

The beds of the less severely wounded were the most crowded, as these men were telling what had happened while journalists were taking notes on the story.

There has since been a Royal Commission on Guenyeli, which published official findings. I am concerned here with what I understood at the time.

I tried to stop the nurses and onlookers fidgeting with the patients, but as soon as I turned my back they started again. A Turkish patient was not being attended to by the Greek nurses who, when I told them to do their job, pretended not to understand my English. I ordered them in Greek, and most sullenly they did what I asked them. They could have pretended not to understand my Greek. I kept away from the mob as, despite a genuine concern, I did not want to get involved in politics, but I was called over by a journalist.

“Doctor, you are an Englishman; you will be the first; you must hear all the story.” Then, “Tell the English doctor what happened to you.”

One of the wounded replied: “We were in our villages, Kondemenos and Skylloura, doctor, when the English came and arrested us. They drove us to the police station in Nicosia but did not take us inside this station; they took us out of Nicosia, not back to our own villages but on the road to the Turkish villages; they stopped outside Guenyeli. The English officer said, ‘Get out.’ We said, ‘We cannot; this is a Turkish village, they will kill us. Why not take us to our village? What have we done?’ But he said, ‘Get out, you Greek bastards, you can walk!’

“It is many miles across the country, doctor. Again we

said, 'We are Greeks. This village is Guenyeli; it is Turkish.' He started pushing us off. When he drove away we went to walk to our village but the Turks were ready. They set fire to the grass as we were in it and then they started to shoot and kill."

In a way he was enjoying telling the story; but it was a ghastly tale with the evidence all about.

I was asked some questions; I offered all that I could: my sympathy; but I would not allow that the British had fixed it all, the arrest and awful ambush, as he believed. Yet he had been there; he saw the British officer and knew what he was doing. I had not been there.

One of the wounded said the officer was noncommissioned; another said he was an officer in the Guards. They seemed pleased that we could now see what a murderous lot the Turks were, but at the same time they had a hatred for the British for having led the Greeks, apparently with full knowledge, into a trap.

It was time to go to the radio station for the late night bulletin. The city was still under curfew.

At night there was on duty only a subeditor and a secretary in the newsroom, a few engineers and a policeman on the gate. I went straight to the newsroom and read over the bulletin to myself. We were using exactly the same information that we had put over at seven o'clock!

I spoke to the subeditor and said it was ridiculous. He asked me what had happened, for he had not heard anything. I told him the story as I had heard it; I said I could not vouch for the facts as it had been told me only by the Cypriots. There might be other sides to hear, but something had certainly happened, something more than the normal trouble. I had, I told him, seen the living wounded, and had seen some already dead go to the mortuary.

He was quiet for a while. Then he rang our official organs

of information, but as usual neither had anything to say. The massacre had occurred about four o'clock in the afternoon seven miles from Nicosia. Police and army had helped with the dead and wounded. The government information services must know, I said, at least *something*.

He hazarded, "Perhaps there are official reasons for not knowing."

I was sure by now that there were. Someone must have blundered. "Look, Nicosia is under curfew. Nothing will be known outside the hospital until the curfew comes off tomorrow morning; this is the last news before then. If we don't confirm this business, or deny it, or put out some reasonable story, tomorrow it will be all over the town—plus half-truths and rumors."

He rang P.I.O. and COSDO again. No change.

He said: "Look here, old boy. It's my job to take the stuff from official sources. This is a government station; we just don't go finding our own news. I'm sorry, I've written the bulletin and this is not my pigeon."

I was getting frantic. "It's too serious for fooling about."

"All right then; I can't do it; but you can do anything you like."

He was married with a family and was probably justified in his attitude.

I telephoned the Director of Broadcasting at his home, but even he didn't know anything about the massacre. I told him I was one of his news readers, but he did not know who I was either, and seemed annoyed that I had contacted him, until eventually he realized that this was serious. He asked for the subeditor and gave him, poor fellow, the rocket for not having telephoned before. He asked us to wait and rang the Governor. Even the Governor it seemed, had not been informed; but the Director told us to hang on a few minutes and then to ring back the Information Service.

It was ten minutes to the news. All that the Information Service would do was to retract their original story without substituting another. The promptness of the retraction indicated that they knew they were wrong. It was either a lie or a mistake, but something they knew about and must have been trying to conceal. It had happened before then and happened after, but this time orders from above did not give them time to cover up. They had no other story.

We deleted the unlikely bits from the news but could add nothing officially new—I could not be certain of the facts of my story, although I knew it to be correct in outline. We could only imply that something more serious had happened. I read that news with a certain bitterness in my voice and went back to the hospital.

It was in an uproar. Curfew was still on outside but here everyone was awake; Greek nurses and the less sick patients were talking in groups in the corridors, Turkish nurses and orderlies went about quietly doing their jobs. There were some fights going on. The matron, a harassed Turk, had gone home so as not to be a focus for the tension, for she would have had to try to control inflamed Greeks. English sisters tried to get jobs done and order into the hospital. A Cypriot sister was making political speeches in the corridor. One Cypriot ran up to me, "Tomorrow we will all be fighting the Turks and you British too—we will lay down the scalpel and pick up the knife!"

Sister Joan was in the casualty working on more wounded. "Sister," said a Greek doctor, "what is all this? Look what the Turks and the English have done!"

She lifted an eyebrow. "I saw the victims when EOKA put a bomb in a lorry of British soldiers," she answered. "It was far worse than this. You only laughed then. I am doing a nurse's job for you. I can't waste sympathy."

Even I felt that after all the things they had done the

Cypriots wanted too much compassion too quickly; not for the dead or wounded even, but mainly for themselves.

Outside the surgical theater I met Stavros; he was exhausted. The surgeons had been operating for hours in the theater after a whole day's work and were just waiting for the next case to be brought in. I lit a cigarette, pulled down his surgical mask and put the cigarette in his mouth; he was wearing sterile gloves and could not touch anything.

"This is a terrible thing that has happened," he said.

I agreed. I said how sorry I was.

"Why do you British let these things happen? This is a bad thing! See now how the Greeks suffer . . ." He went on for a few minutes.

Once or twice I demurred. I still could not agree that it was the British fault it happened. If a Briton was involved it was the mistake of an individual. I sympathized with him but got a bit annoyed when he kept it up, becoming dramatic and oratorical.

"What about the British that have been shot and killed by EOKA?" I said. "Do you remember the two British military policemen killed in Famagusta? You then said that deaths were necessary. When I said that murder was never necessary you just laughed."

"But this is different."

"Different? How different?"

"Turks are barbarous. We did not kill you with a hatchet. We killed with guns!" He lifted a proud eyebrow and asked me for another cigarette.

Once I read a news item about a man from Lefkoniko, a Greek village near Famagusta. The villagers tied him to a post in the square and then slowly stoned and beat him to death. He had writhed around but could not avoid the sticks and clubs and rocks, then became too weak to try to avoid



them and fell unconscious, but they carried on beating him. It took about an hour to kill him.

When he was dead his wife, now his widow, came through the crowd to take his remains away. As she knelt to pick him up, crying tears on the broken corpse, those villagers—her neighbors—started to stone her too.

I mentioned this to Stavros, deaths other than “killing with guns,” and talked of the killings of Cypriots by Cypriots.

“Those were traitors.”

Most of the Cypriots I had spoken to did not approve of EOKA. How could the majority of a people be traitors? To a minority?

“They were traitors to ENOSIS!”

Traitors to an idea—the idea of a minority.

“They may have only said this to you because you are English and they want to please you.” He did not believe that, it was an afterthought—he had made the other statement first.

I commented: “They may have only said other things to you because you are a Cypriot, you might denounce them as traitors and they would die.”

“Listen. We hate the English and from tonight we hate the Turks. Tomorrow all the Greek people will get together . . .” He stopped dramatically, then got up and stalked into the theater. He had been gesticulating and his gloves were no longer sterile.

Around the hospital were rumors of insurrection and talk of a general massacre the following day. I doubted that the Greek Cypriot had the guts openly to take such a course, but that night racial feeling was at boiling point. Tomorrow, when the curfew was lifted, the town and the whole of Cyprus would hear about it. Apart from the night-duty sisters I was the only British person who seemed to know how matters stood.

I went down from the grisly scene and found a security man, took him into a corner, and told him things were getting wild. So the Governor of Cyprus was rung up on my account for the second time that night, and he immediately put the whole island under a curfew to last all the following day. Nobody could move from his home.

Leaving the hospital at two o'clock in the morning I wearily crossed the rough ground to my room in the darkness of the old empty house. I hoped nobody had seen me talking to the security man, for it might be thought I was up to something. I was alone and apprehensive.

I entered the rickety building and went upstairs without bothering to turn on the light on the stairs, along the deserted passageway to my room, and pressed down the light switch. Nothing happened. I went into the passage and switched on the light there. That did not work either. I quickly ran around trying to switch on all the lights. Not one worked.

*They were coming to get me.*

Were they in the house already in one of the other rooms? I took a shoe for a weapon and went out to investigate. All unlocked rooms were empty but the assassins might be in one of the other rooms, locked from the inside, or else downstairs. They couldn't get in by the windows. With my shoe at the ready I looked under the bed, in the cupboard, behind the sofa, but nobody was hiding in my room.

I had no gun. In all my time on the island I purposely never carried one, even when requested to do so and when guns were being given away, free with a book of instructions. During military service I had been a good shot; now I wished for the first time since then that I had a long pistol or an automatic with me. The only weapons were shoes and a cheap penknife I had bought for two shillings. The tip

had broken off the first time I had tried to sharpen a pencil, and the second time the blade had slowly bent to a right angle.

I opened the double doors of the room and drew up an armchair facing the stairs. I was secure from behind. Keeping my eyes on the stairs, moving around backwards I found my demijohn of brandy and then sat in the chair with this old useless penknife for a weapon in one hand and the flagon gripped in the other.

The night, in one sense, was quiet. The distant sound of an army truck or of police controlling the curfew came from the streets; from the hospital came an occasional rattle or cry or the banging of a door far away.

But the night itself was a living entity. Every creak on the stairs made me grip the knife—they seemed to creak every few seconds like the timbers of a ship—every sound of the night breeze was people whispering; dogs barked in the distance and cocks crowed all over the city into the small hours. That night I heard birds walking and could nearly tell their footsteps from each other. I wondered how I had ever slept before through all the din.

A shadow moved; I took a quick swig and quietly put aside the flagon, ready for action. The night held its breath and I mine—the shadow sighed and dissolved into moonlight.

After a few hours of this sort of vigil the thought struck me to lie on top of the bed with the penknife and flagon ready. I lay down in my clothes, smoked cigarettes and drank brandy. Then I ran out of cigarettes and, as the brandy was tasting foul, I just lay there and let my thoughts wander.

I awoke to the last stages of struggling against being strangled—to find my tie was wrapped around my armpit.

I suddenly realized and jumped up, ecstatic to be alive. It

was late in the morning but even the brandy hangover could not prevent me from feeling good.

The lights, I found, had fused the previous night.

It was the massacre of Guenyeli which developed the minor civil war into a major one.

The Public Information and Tourist Office is one of the most impressive buildings in Cyprus. It is large and neat and white, with a lot of glass frontage. Going up the steps inside the main entrance one encounters a vast mural of colored tiles and intriguing design, all about Cyprus. At the back there is a theater; a long balcony runs upstairs. The Public Information and Tourist Office is a fine new building. But there were no tourists.

And Public Information, at this crucial time, would be heard hours, days or weeks before in the villages, in the back streets of the city—most of it detrimental to the government, all of variable accuracy. The island was small. In an hour or so a lorry could take word to its outer reaches; in ten minutes more it would be embellished, rich and colorful like fruit in the market place. In a few minutes a story in Nicosia would be under the counter of the Ledra Palace Hotel; the hall porter would have it packaged and labeled, know how much of it was true, how much of value, together with the reactions of Greek and Turkish spokesmen, all for sale to the journalists who subsidized him. The local presses would start rumbling, correspondents filed their copy, the news would go to the radios of Athens, London, Ankara, the world. When all was over, when the story had been discussed, its implications assayed, the story behind the story speculated on, argued out, and weighed; when everyone knew and had made up their minds on the various issues and had gone away to drink, to talk of other things or to sleep, journalists would for their

amusement amble down to see how little the Public Information Office was even yet prepared to admit, and would receive a handout about the island's agricultural statistics in detail for the previous year.

People were killed by EOKA, not for any military reason but for propaganda. More than anything, more even than the killing, Cyprus was a propaganda war both inside the island and outside it. The most important thing about propaganda is to get your story in first; preferably near to the truth and well put, and so incapable of refutation. The British were hopeless at this—others had it easier; one can be quick off the mark with untruths and vague charges, as the Greeks and Cypriots were; but when we did have something to say we always said it too late. Many times at the radio we could not broadcast news we knew about until we heard it come back from the BBC, having been cabled to them from Cyprus; then *we* could quote *them*. Of course, it was still not official, until maybe the next day or two.

I had a friend, an amusing charmer, who during the war had been in the Air Force and had won at least three major decorations for bravery. Back in civilian life, he contracted the same affliction that affected many fine men of the war: demoralization came with demob. He drifted around London, got a city job, and did nothing in particular with his life. A mutual friend told him to get cracking and come to Cyprus for a change of air. He came and we all rallied round to find him a job. I suggested working in the forests for a while—not much pay, but his keep and a wonderful way of living. Alternatively, there was a possibility of subediting news at the broadcasting station. There was one opening in insurance and another working for the R.A.F. But he was offered and took a position at the Public Information Office.

He knew nothing about Cyprus, had never been there be-

fore, nor did he know anything about Public Information. He had never been in a government post nor in journalism, radio or advertising. This is nothing against the man himself, an unbureaucratic person, charming and willing to help, but he should never have been employed in that position; even if he could learn the job quickly, the work was so immediately important that there was no time to waste in teaching.

Trying to assemble the stories, Guenyeli seems to work out like this. Each community on the island was getting anxious about the intentions of the other, as several of each race had been killed. The Turks of Guenyeli heard that there was something going on in the neighboring Greek villages of Skylloura and Kondemenos and prepared to encounter mischief. Instead of anything happening immediately, however, the British took away from Kondemenos and Skylloura the Greek ringleaders and brought them into Nicosia in order to put them in the police station to cool off. They could not get into the station as there was a demonstration outside of Turkish women, whose men were in jail for causing quite another trouble. So the Greek boys, somewhat calmed by this time, were taken out by another road and made to get off the British vehicle so they could sweat it out by walking the ten miles across open country to their own villages. Unfortunately they were let down outside Guenyeli.

In the village the expected attack had not materialized. The Turkish villagers had returned to their homes, put down their arms, had coffee, and had discussed what they really would do if they were attacked and how to organize effective defense. Schemes were debated, objections considered, and sensible plans drawn up if ever the situation should occur again. Then someone announced that a lorry was unloading Greeks outside the village—and they put into immediate

action the ideas they had just been considering. They quickly gathered up the butchers' knives, hooks and axes, shotguns and loaded pistols from where they had been left primed two hours before; ordered the women to shutter the houses and moved out quietly to take up positions in the fields.

The Greek boys got off the lorry. They had been drinking at midday, got excited, had been arrested, and now were suddenly free. They lit a few cigarettes, threw the matches away. They were afraid to do anything about the village—they did not want to, being outnumbered in daylight—and started walking across the fields, talking, shouting a few insults for bravado. A clever one called out something disparaging to the Turks.

The rifles, the shotguns, the pistols—some new from the police, some old from before the troubles—the lot went off together; the Greeks started to run but they didn't have a chance. The villagers came up in their own fear and fury, smashed and cut and hit with knives, axes, cudgels until the Greeks were down, dead, half-dead, or lying bleeding and mutilated on the ground.

The Turks did stop, however, before killing all of them; there was someone who had control.

For the rest of that year all Greeks feared Guenyeli village. Although it was constantly patrolled by armored cars, for a long time Cypriots would not go near it at all but went miles around into the country to make a detour.

Later they got braver. I went out on a borrowed Vespa, open to the breeze and defenseless as a chicken. Approaching the village I overtook lorries, buses and cars; a whole convoy built up behind the little Vespa, taking its puttering speed. I was obviously British. The long concourse tottered the length of the village in the rear until at the other side there

was a roar of engines—first the Mercedes and Continental Bentleys, Rolls, Vanguards, then the smaller cars—all windows up, Cypriot faces embarrassed looking straight ahead.

The Turks could not understand at all; they only thought that they had repulsed an attack; but in time they grew somewhat pleased. Although the Greeks outnumbered the Turks four to one on the ground, the Turks more than made up for their minority by the viciousness of their offensive defense.

One day Guenyeli, however, is going to experience the come-back, particularly with a Greek majority in Parliament. The village is only a few houses grouped together on a country highway. Two taxis will go through the only street at speed, with machine guns poking out of the windows on both sides, when the village is having its evening stroll, the *peripado*. It will take only about ten seconds, allowing for the slight bend in the road, to negotiate and deal the pay-off to the village of the bow-legged men.

Guenyeli brought terror to an unprecedented pitch—for both sides now wanted protection. Every individual Greek and Turk, man, woman or child, was scared for his life—throughout the island, every hour of day or night.

It started in the towns, in the market places where Turks would not serve Greeks and vice versa. In the municipal market and the Old Women's Market in Nicosia fist-fights started and soon the markets had to be partitioned. For a long time Turks housed in Greek areas had been leaving their homes, selling them cheaply and moving to safer places. Greeks in Turkish quarters did the same, accommodation was not easy to find and the shortage was made worse by the burning of buildings. Many families had to squat, refugees that they were, under the stands of the stadium and similar places.



Most people who did not leave the alien sectors, out of bravery or foolhardiness, or simply age and inability, were killed by the locals. Youths made raids into opposing areas of the town to kill, burn and loot. Barricades of barbed wire on metal bars were set up separating the different quarters. A cordon of wire, police and soldiers was put around the whole of the Greek quarters of Nicosia, except where it was already limited by the huge moat and Venetian city wall. To stop the killings there was a curfew at night, but the killings on both sides then occurred by day; so there had to be a day curfew as well. Many, particularly the old, began to go hungry, so the curfew was lifted for certain hours in the morning to allow shopping. Whenever curfew was lifted there was killing.

The whole population was on continuous guard. Girls and boys, the sick and the aged, kept watch from behind shutters down on the streets or from the rooftops flat on their bellies. Others watched farther afield to give longer-range warnings. Day and night vigils went on, for only they themselves could help as the forces of law were admittedly impotent. Men were not working, so had no money; what food could be bought had to be bought on credit, and stocks ran low. Many hungered—but few actually starved, although the families with many young suffered most, as always.

The same thing, although not so bad at first, was happening in the other towns—Paphos, Larnaca, Limassol and Famagusta; but Kyrenia, which was thought an English preserve and soldiers' rest place, was not curfewed so much and not so dangerous. Later it was found that EOKA also used it as a rest camp.

The shock wave of murder spread to the countryside, where curfew could not be easily maintained, for lands must be worked and crops gathered. Farmers had to work late,

shepherds to stay on the hills with their sheep and goats at night. The sheep and the goats got mixed.

The country folk became afraid to go to the fields, so vegetables and fruit rotted. Farmers were afraid to leave their farms and travel with what little produce they did have to the markets of the cities, so the food shortage in country and town became acute.

Sir Paget Burke, summarizing his report on Guenyeli, said: "I have been asked to find that the military acted in good faith, which I had no difficulty in doing, but also that the action was reasonable. I am unable to do so."

Then the trouble really started.

In Limassol a Turkish chicken seller was shot; another Turk, Ahmet Ibrahim, aged thirty, bicycling through the town, was shot five times. Both died.

Near Famagusta a busload of trade-unionists was ambushed by EOKA.

In the village of Avgorou, British troops were stoned and twenty-two of them injured. The troop leader opened fire over the heads of the crowd, but a Greek Cypriot standing on the leader's car throwing stones was killed, as well as a woman in the crowd. EOKA threatened violence and vengeance. It was put out by the Greek press, as always when any woman of any age was injured, that she was pregnant; therefore the British were killing pregnant women.

The next day was complete curfew.

Then three Turkish youths were beaten to death near Paphos and two at Nata. Two Greek shepherds were beaten and stabbed at Tymbou, near Nicosia.

Then came the EOKA reprisals. Two British soldiers, both aged twenty, were shopping in Hermes Street in Famagusta—

Cornet the Hon. Fox-Strangeways and Trooper Proctor of the Blues—when they were shot from behind and killed. These were the first British deaths in two months, the first of many to come. That was July 8.

July 9 was complete curfew.

On July 10 two Greek boys, one aged eleven and one seventeen, were asked by some Turkish men at Athienou for water and were suddenly attacked. The eleven-year-old boy was beaten to death, the other later came into hospital with stab wounds in his head, throat and back.

An EOKA bomb killed some Turks; an EOKA leaflet called Sir Hugh Foot “a bloodstained hangman.” Nobody hanged under his governorship!

Civil servants were given a police or army escort to work; EOKA offered *its* protection—nobody claimed it. A Greek night watchman was stabbed to death at Larnaca. At a Gregorian monastery with mixed sexes at Aradhippou, a monk, Nectarios, aged twenty-nine, was shot pushing a wheelbarrow of vegetables in the monastery garden, and so was a forty-four-year-old nun, Agathonki, a few feet away from him.

July 11 was complete curfew.

On July 12 EOKA laid a tree trunk across the road at Lyssi and ambushed a busload of Turks going to work, killing five of them and wounding most of the rest.

A Turkish boy asked a sixty-three-year-old Greek for a cigarette. The boy waited until the man was drawing the packet and then shot him.

On the next day, Sunday the 13th, one of the porters leaving the hospital on his bike in the early morning after a tour of night duty was shot and wounded. Two Turkish boys went around on a motorbike shooting up as they went; they wounded two Greeks and also one of their own race, a

Turkish auxiliary constable. Two middle-aged Greeks were knifed to death and the wife of one stabbed but not killed; three Turkish shepherds and an eighty-year-old Turkish gardener were killed near Famagusta.

Others were killed on these days and very many more wounded, a number coming to the hospital for treatment. I do not have the details and would not wish to enumerate them, but in the following weeks, on a basis of continual murder, the following stand out: the murder of a seventy-two-year-old Turk in his sleep; the mobbing to death of a Turk by a Greek crowd at Lassa; one shepherd from each race killed, shot through the head, at Larnaca; a Turkish policeman provoked by Greeks in the Old Women's Market in Nicosia firing his gun, wounding seven people and killing one Greek; a ninety-year-old Turk beaten to death by EOKA at Paphos; another ninety-year-old Turk, Hassip Hussein of Milea, killed by shooting-in-bed and his seventy-five-year-old wife injured; a seventy-year-old Greek hawker axed to death in Nicosia as soon as the curfew was raised; two Greek women found dead in Troodos; an eighty-three-year-old Greek shot in the center of Nicosia; another shepherd had his throat cut; three Turks beaten to death; and a large number, including women, children and a baby, wounded when EOKA bombed a civilian bus in July. There were hundreds of other killings or woundings in that month in streets, shops, cafés, homes, in the fields and in the hills; killings casual or deliberate, out of anger or fear or for an evening's amusement; killings of the aged, the defenseless or the weak. Killings without reason; the law impotent despite its forces; conflicting anarchies producing horror and bloody chaos.

That summer murder and the fear of murder became part of the daily routine. Only some of it I saw, as not all victims came as patients to the hospital—but many of them could be

seen the next morning laid out in the post-mortem room on the slabs or in the icebox, often with the overflow dumped waiting on the floor. The summer was hot and there was an unpleasant smell if many had to be accommodated after a troublesome night.

The situation was made worse by an unfortunate accident in the hospital. A Turkish police constable who had been shot in the chest came to the hospital critically injured—more than critically, he was mortally wounded. The bullet had lodged behind his heart, and the heart and lungs were slowly deteriorating.

Because he had lost a lot of blood his blood pressure was very low and the pulse was rapid and feeble, so a blood transfusion was given to him in the evening. The apparatus was set up by a doctor and the first pint of blood was set dripping into the dying man as an emergency measure, in case he could pull through.

After an hour the first pint of blood was finished; a nurse removed the empty bottle and put in its place a new full one. The few drops of blood remaining around the sides and corners of the empty bottle are difficult to remove when they dry, so the bottle was filled up with tap water, ready to be given back to the blood bank the following day for cleaning out. Mixed with the old blood the tap water was a pink color. This bottle was left by the patient's bed.

A few hours later in the night a training nurse replaced the now empty second bottle, not with a bottle of fresh blood but with the bottle of tap water. Shortly afterwards the Turkish constable died.

Despite all the excuses—it was a mistake, it was dark, the nurse was new to the job, the hospital was understaffed, the policeman would soon have died anyway—despite these and many other excuses it was a terrible thing to have happened.

The Turkish population believed that Greek nurses did it intentionally and would stop at nothing to kill off a Turk, even one already nearly dead. They were never told who had put up the tap-water drip, a Greek or a Turkish nurse, but still jumped to the worst conclusions. In fact a Turkish staff nurse was in charge of the ward at the time it happened.

Then a Turkish doctor on the hospital staff advised other Turks not to come to the hospital, but to go and see him privately. Word was soon going around that Volkan, a newly formed Turkish terrorist organization, would take penalties against any Turk coming to the "Greek"—no longer the British—hospital. A ward for Turkish patients was opened, and the hospital authorities started a special clinic in the Turkish quarter of the town, as the folk there became too frightened to visit us. It was the only way to get them looked after, unless they could afford private fees.

Sister Joan came storming into the office one day. "I've just been held up at point-blank range by a couple of Turkish policemen!" she said furiously. "In my own ward—in front of my own patients! I'm going to complain about this!"

"What happened?"

"I was looking after that young Turkish chap with a gastric ulcer in the first bed, when two of his friends came in, one covering the ward and the other making me put my hands up and covering me. Then they escorted him out. He had asked them to do so—he was afraid to stay here—and he was a policeman himself—he wanted an escort to get out. I ask you!"

She drew a sharp breath.

"Oh dear! I forgot to get him to sign a discharge note! I'm going to see the director about this."

The director only asked, "What can I do?" He could do

nothing. A directive was issued asking all Cypriots not to enter the hospital carrying guns, please.

At this time there was an interesting medical case.

Arson was rife and Nicosia a pyromaniac's pipe dream. There was always smoke from some piece of barbarism hanging over the city, and the bells of fire engines became an integral part of the background confusion.

I was in the ward when a patient was brought in, unconscious and very pale. The attendant said he was a fireman who had collapsed while fighting an outbreak in a local woodyard. They did not know what was wrong with him. I pulled down his eyelid and saw it was almost white, and then, looking over his body, I noticed that he had passed water on the stretcher while asleep. The urine was a rich red color.

We couldn't ask him any questions because he was unconscious. The most important thing was to give him a blood transfusion quickly and find out what was wrong later. While I was setting up the blood I took a sample and sent it to the laboratory; back came the answer "20 per cent."

There were no burns on the body which might have been one cause of this anemia. I suspected he was a case of favism and had been eating beans. The chief suggested cortisone injections to prevent any further breakdown of his red cells. Slowly with the blood transfusions he came from coma through the stages of consciousness and in a few days was quite normal.

How had the attack come on? He told us it happened quite suddenly while he was fighting the woodyard fire.

Had this ever happened before? No.

Had he eaten beans? No.

This was a surprise. The diagnosis must be changed.

Although he seemed fit and strong, we kept him in hospital

to find out the cause of this sudden acute hemolytic crisis.

Several hours every day were spent obtaining a fuller and fuller story of what had happened before the fire, and accounts obtained from his relatives and other firemen. We inquired what chemicals might have been used in the fire fighting that could have caused this condition, but they had been using only water for several days past. Was there anything abnormal in the woodyard where the fire was? No. Numerous laboratory investigations were done and the textbooks scoured to find a cause. We could not send him back to work without knowing the reason for his collapse in case it happened again. Next time he might not be lucky enough to reach hospital while he still had that 20 per cent of blood left.

The day after his admission the chief fire officer for the island came to visit the young fireman. The chief came into the ward with heavy bags under his eyes and a stoop. His hand was shaking so much that I had to light his cigarette for him.

"Are you all right, sir? You look exhausted."

"Yes, I'm all right, doctor, but I have been to over one hundred fires this weekend and I feel a wee bit tired. Just come back from the last."

I suggested he needed a rest. He looked up at me with red eyes whose sooty lids kept falling down from tiredness.

"Thank you, doctor, but you can't sit on your backside when there's arson to be sat on. Give me a nice sick certificate when the troubles are over." The chief fireofficer—an Englishman—had not been to his bed for seventy-two hours and yet found time to visit the sick in hospital.

We never found out what had caused the fireman's mysterious condition, certainly none of the usual causes. Just in case it was heat from the fire itself, we arranged that he should have a different job, working at the fire-service



switchboard—rather a letdown but probably a good position for him. He knew all the ropes and should not take long to learn the switches.

He was a Greek boy, still working for “the British” by putting out fires other Greeks were causing. I never saw the use of these fires; they helped neither Greek nor Turk, and did not harm the British. This boy I met many times later; the anemia never occurred again, and he often expressed his gratitude.

## 9

The old grandmother was dying. She was fat and her skin was tough. I could not get the needle into the vein of her arm, so I sterilized her ankle with alcohol, took a knife, made a neat cut and passed a hook under a vein there, lifted it up, nicked it with a scissors, then pushed a tube into the nick. Blood started to flow from the bottle.

"Telephone, doctor."

"Cover that ankle, Maroulla. Keep the blood to one drop in three seconds."

The telephone was in the office next door.

"Hallo, doctor. You go to casualty, please. There is more troubles."

"What's up now, Greek or Turk?"

"I do not know. From the mountains. Go quickly, please. The ambulance is coming."

The bell of the ambulance clanging far off, through the windows open to the warm Cyprus night; outside the window the streets were empty except for a police patrol. Nicosia stifled under curfew.

Hurrying along the passages and down the stairs I heard the bell coming nearer, the ambulance skidding round corners, bell clanging and gears crashing. If I knew whether the injured was Greek or Turk I would know what kind of injury to expect.

They were being carried out of the ambulance as I got to the casualty entrance.

An old woman was being pushed out on a stretcher; she was covered by a red blanket with only her face showing. I looked at her. One eye was wandering and the pupil widely dilated. Her forehead was caved in and there was a long cut showing through the few old gray hairs on her nearly bald pate. The back of her head also was dented in.

"Take her inside quickly. I'll be in in a moment after I've seen the others."

"O.K., doctor. Here is her identity card. She is eighty-one years!"

The driver was helping an old man in Turkish trousers out of the front seat. The old man was holding up his left arm with his right. He slipped getting down the ambulance step and shot out his right hand to hold the rail. His left arm dropped to the side; it was broken between the wrist and elbow and fell at a peculiar angle. He walked from the ambulance with stiff legs, glazed eyes, staring straight ahead. He said nothing.

"Put him down outside here. Put a sling on that arm—his cummerbund will do. Get him a coffee. He'll have to wait a bit."

Three more stretchers were being taken in; one held a child, the others a young man and his wife, both burly peasants. The blanket was drawn off his chest and I could see five neat holes with black dust around the edges. Each hole was large enough to put a finger in. He was quiet; as he breathed the loose skin around the holes flapped in and out. The wife was moaning softly. Her head had been split wide open at the side from above the eyebrow right to the back of her skull. The child, which was their child, had its arm torn along the length down to the bone, probably by a bullet.

All of them were put in the casualty room and given

antitetanus serum. The operating theater and wards were warned to take emergencies; group O blood was obtained from the emergency refrigerator. I hesitated about giving morphia, except to the child: although morphia deadens pain, it is dangerous to injured chests or heads.

I went to the old woman. With each breath she made a rattling noise like bubbles from a clay pipe. I pulled aside the blanket to examine her chest, and then I saw her arm. It had been hacked through at the shoulder by an ax or large knife, through the skin, muscle and bone until it was hanging on to the body only by a couple of inches of the hairy skin of the armpit. Someone had twisted a handkerchief for a tourniquet around her shoulder-stump to stop the flow of blood. There was a little oozing from the bone marrow. The dangling arm looked like a side of beef hung in a butcher's shop.

Now the surgeons were arriving from outside the hospital, the operating theaters had been opened, nurses and orderlies organized to take the family upstairs. I cleaned the wounds as far as I could and sent them up to the theater before I remembered the old man sitting outside. I had been too busy to attend to his broken arm and he had been left there, watching. I inspected his arm. The skin was intact but the shaft was angled and crunched as it moved. I gave him some morphia and arranged for an X ray, but warned him it might be some time before he got any treatment as the surgeons were too busy. Could he tell us what had happened?

Up to now the old man had been quite silent, staring ahead. Now he started to cry very softly, the tears running through his white drooping mustache and the grizzle on his chin. He told us that he was a small farmer in the hills. He had been putting the farm to bed for the night. His family had stayed locked in the house. When they opened the door to let him in he had been suddenly jumped on by

masked men from the trees outside; in fright he had run through the house and fallen down the well. The men had swarmed into the house, shot his son and grandchild sitting at the kitchen table, then taken an ax and attacked the women, his wife and daughter-in-law.

He himself had been forgotten down the well, but had broken his arm in falling. He had managed to clamber out and walk three miles through the mountains for help in the night, holding his broken arm to his side.

Greek or Turk, what did it matter? The Greeks *usually* shot their victims dead in the back. The Turks usually retaliated with any weapon going. It all ended the same way: in death, in pain, in loss, in misery. This was "Murder Hospital, Terror Island." Some victims of the island went elsewhere, to the British Military Hospital. But most went to the only other place—the cold marble of the mortuary.

The old woman of eighty-one went to the mortuary the following morning: she could not possibly survive all that. Her son, with five bullets in him, died later and followed her to the grave—all they had been doing was minding their farmhouse when catastrophe arrived. The old man, his daughter-in-law and the grandchild returned, months later, to what was left of their only home, three miles from anywhere in the hills.

## 10

One of the pleasing things about the Cyprus Broadcasting Service was that the girls appeared to be chosen not so much on their ability as on attractiveness. I expect that everywhere, and for anything, women are selected in this way.

It was all right on television, where a pretty face is to be expected. The director of television had hunted Cyprus to find beauties; one of them, Sevillay Salih, a Turk from an impoverished peasant village, had been groomed and cultured by the diminutive television service to just the right extent, retaining still a fawnlike tenderness and wildness but enhanced by an as yet only half-realized grace of sophistication.

But in the newsroom this selection method led to interesting situations. A number of small gems were put out on the news, avidly collected by fans in the island. Apart from the faults of the Cypriot secretaries, there also was a Russian gremlin (if gremlins did not disappear in 1945) who, knowing that anyway there would be mistakes, directed the nature of them.

When the Americans sent a balloon into outer space "The Americans have just launched a plastic ballroom into the stratosphere." When the U.S.A. launched one of its more successful rockets "the new American rocket attained a speed of seventeen miles an hour." These appeared in the news.

This same gremlin, or a relative, more frequently operated

against the British. At the village of Paralimni there was a routine cordon-and-search operation for arms and explosives; a careful *screening* of the villagers for suspected persons was carried out. This came out as "At Paralimni, when the *screaming* was over . . ." Grist to the mill.

One day during a lull in the troubles, after having read the news, I came down from the radio station in one of the station cars. Inside were a part-time policewoman and a pretty girl, with long fair hair. She looked to be about eighteen and rather like my younger sister; she was gentle and kind and very sweet. I asked her to come to the cinema, as the cinemas were open and it was considered safe to go. She told me to contact her next day. The policewoman eyed me gravely.

Next day I rang her at work to arrange when to meet but she was not there, and there was no telephone at her house. I went to the house and left a note, but, what with one thing and another, I missed her.

I went to the cinema, a big open-air movie theater, refreshing and comfortable in the night. There was an old Danny Kaye showing. His high-speed gibberish was translated into Greek, Turkish, and Arabic subtitles which, flashed on the screen, still looked like high-speed gibberish—and Arabs have to read it backwards. Afterwards I met friends inside the cinema and talked with them awhile.

The next day I rang and said I was sorry I had missed her. I *had* tried to telephone.

"Yes," she said, "but I got your note and went to the cinema; I saw you and waited for you outside afterwards."

I explained that I hadn't seen her. Had she enjoyed the film?

She said, "No—last night I was not very happy."

I tried to joke. "If that's the way you felt, then I'm glad I did not join you."

There was a pause. Then she said, very softly, "No, I would have been very happy if I had been with you."

It was a long time since anyone had said anything so unsophisticated to me. I was touched and did not know what to say.

We talked a little and arranged to meet later.

When I telephoned the following day she said, "I am sorry but I cannot come with you."

I insisted. At first she would not help and then said: "My father has found I was going to go with an English. He is afraid we will be killed. Please do not ask me."

I met her that evening at the broadcasting station and again she said the same thing. "When the troubles are over, or soon, or if I go to England. Do not ask me now, and, please, don't let them see me with you here."

I understood from her then that her father had been threatened. Whether it was an old boy friend of hers who did the threatening or an enemy of her father's or EOKA did not matter, as they were often the same thing. He could not know from a voice on the telephone. Many killings, supposedly done by EOKA, were just the paying off of old scores.

In November I went away from Nicosia for a holiday. The day I left there was an explosion at Paedios Bridge, alongside the hospital. We were operating at the time and did not look out the window—one does not down tools in a surgical theater. In the evening I called on a friend, an eccentric bomb-disposal expert; he was hula-hooping in his room. There was a large quantity of high explosive underneath his bed, for he didn't feel at home without it. Innumerable telephone calls came through about unexploded bombs; he would answer, "Yes, yes. I'll be along tomorrow, don't let anybody touch it," and carry on trying to master the art of



hula-hoop. He never kept it up for more than twenty seconds.

I asked him about the explosion at the bridge. He said: "Ooh, I did that one. Someone threw a bomb with the pin in at a jeep—a homemade pipe bomb thing—but the pin was insecure; as we couldn't move it, too dangerous, we blew it where it was."

I was away for some weeks and when I came back I heard the story. The girl was up for trial. She and a friend had thrown the bomb.

I went around the town and pieced together the story. She and her cousin had been out walking after work in the evening and had been stopped by two boys on bicycles. The boys had told them to take the bomb and put it in a handbag because, being girls, they would not be suspected. On coming to the first British vehicle they saw, they were to pull out the pin and throw the bomb. Otherwise—"If you do not throw it you will be in danger."

They walked round Nicosia, scared stiff, not knowing what to do, with a homemade bomb wrapped in two women's magazines lying in a handbag. Poor kids! What a decision at any age for a sane human being!

With Solomon's wisdom they compromised. They walked to the bridge and let three or four vehicles go by. They saw a Land Rover approach, so they threw the bomb, but *without pulling the pin*; and walked away.

The Land Rover stopped, the occupants jumped out and in seconds there was pandemonium. The girls waited out of the way until a British officer came along and then she went to him and said: "May I please speak to you? I am the person who threw the bomb—*but I did not pull out the pin.*"

She was in jail and up for trial.

I met some English lawyers who were talking about the case, which was due in a few days.

"With any luck the court will hit her hard; give her a long sentence. She's pleading guilty. It's the first time a girl has been up for throwing, and we must make an example first time round."

I decided not to say anything. I felt awful and even shocked at this callousness—even if one does have to measure hard sentences against the deaths they may avert.

"Yes," said the other lawyer, "but it's not so easy. You can be convicted for *carrying* a firearm, but a bomb is not a firearm. And you can be convicted for *throwing* a bomb—but if the pin was not pulled, was it a bomb or not?"

The first maintained that the bomb was so badly constructed that it was explosive even with the pin in. "Anyway," he continued, "you know that doesn't matter. If she's given the maximum, it will act as a deterrent and stop other girls from throwing bombs."

The lawyers had their decisions to make; and so had the judges. In Cyprus, where rule by fear was predominant, the rule of law was bound to be somewhat different than in England. Like doctors, lawyers have to be callous; but doctors do it for the good of the person they are being callous to; lawyers are callous for the general good of others—a more arguable practice.

I joined in rather amateurishly—they were talking their kind of shop, not mine. I pointed out that, as she had not pulled the pin, she had done no harm and had not, in fact, meant to do any.

"Aha, but how do we know she didn't mean to pull it? Perhaps it slipped on her? Or she might have been afraid to pull the pin, yet threw the thing as a bomb anyway? And anyway, if she did know she had to pull a pin, she knew it was a bomb."

I replied that the first thing she had said on giving herself up was that she did not pull the pin. That surely meant

not ignorance of the nature of the bomb but innocence of the intent to cause damage.

"In that case, dear boy, she was just playing for sympathy."

"Well, if she caused no harm and is likely to be hanged, she deserves sympathy."

He said: "Yes, but she *might* have caused harm. It was all very dangerous."

"But she didn't. And look at her position! What could she do? Give herself up to the police without throwing it? And have her family killed—maybe herself, unless we gave her a safe passage. She would be looked on as a traitor. She had to do something."

I then said that I knew her and that, even on slight acquaintance, it was obvious she was not a dangerous criminal. To their credit the lawyers relaxed when a legal case became a human being and suggested that I offer myself to her solicitor to provide evidence of good character. I didn't know what I could say except that I thought her simple and gentle and knew nothing against her. There wouldn't be much for me to offer in court.

I telephoned the lawyer, but he did not need what little I could say. Many people were testifying to her good character, all more important and with more knowledge than I. I got the impression that a lot of British saying nice things about her might help in court, but not afterwards with her own people.

The trial was a cause célèbre: it was reported in the British press (always satisfying to the Greeks) and was a triumph of judicial compromise. Were she guilty of bomb-throwing, the penalty would have been life; were she not guilty, one would expect her to go free, for she could hardly be jailed as a deterrent to others if she did not do anything at all.

She pleaded guilty and was sentenced to nine months in jail.

I wanted to visit her in prison to see if there was anything I could do. I made the usual inquiries and then was informed, by a roundabout route, it would not be a good idea for an Englishman to visit her—it might make her seem suspect; and so I did not go.

How far can one blame her? The obvious thing is to blame the cowardice of the boys who gave her the bomb “because a girl is not so suspicious.” But had the boys themselves thrown the bomb, that vital pin, the horseshoe nail, would certainly have been pulled. It might not have been just a Land Rover but a truckload of families that would have been bombed—remember the order: the first British vehicle you see.

So it was better that the youths gave the bomb to the girls; only the two girls suffered, for doing nothing to anyone.

One blames those vile other forces of destruction: those who planned but never offered themselves to the likelihood of capture; those who gave guns or bombs and orders via messengers down a long line of increasing innocence, with implied or open threats at each stage. The most fearful thing was that those threats were so often carried out, leaving this peasant people, with thousands of years of differing serfdoms behind it, able to make no decisions, paralytic with fear, with nowhere to turn, not knowing in the end evil from good; hardly knowing, even, the less good from the less evil.

There were exceptions. This girl, I think, was one.

## 11

The first time I went to Salamis was with Jonathan. We chuffed out of Nicosia on his Vespa one day in the scorching sun and soon reached the Mesaoria, the central plain of Cyprus. To the north, on the left, is the thin range of the Kyrenia hills; behind and to the south, the great mass of the Troodos Mountains. On the Mesaoria itself there is no cover; the sun beats down, reflects off the road, and scorches the barren land on either side. The Vespa could not go fast enough to keep us cool.

Jonathan had bought a small color movie camera and his whole nonworking life had become occupied by film. Friends were cajoled into playing character parts for him. Everything was looked at as through a camera frame. Color, movement, and places came to acquire a new meaning; the beauty of a face no longer interested him for itself—was it photogenic? A pile of rubble might send him into ecstasy; once an old, rickety outside fire escape did. I kept assuring him that the pupil of his eye was losing its roundness, was getting squared off at the edge, so accustomed was he to assembling shots for a screen; but he would not have time to laugh as he balanced the weight of a carob tree against the low line of a meadow, or gauged the light contrast from a whitewashed town scintillating on top of a hill in shadow.

Normally he was a wary man; he had been several years

in Cyprus and kept himself far away from trouble. But when he had a film on he was a demon, impervious to everything, with a natural command, in English or blatantly bad Greek or Turkish, that none could do anything but obey. Today we were to take the perfect shots of Salamis.

I, sweating and scorching on the back; Jonathan grim and intent in front, we putt-putted across the fantastic plain. Even in the sunshine this middle plain of Cyprus is like a landscape of the moon; after all, the moon also is illuminated by the sun. Ridiculous natural shapes which have nothing to do with any geography textbook are placed here and there on its flatness: a cone; a sawed-off cone; a trapezoid; a big and a small pyramid side by side and then a perfect cube—it was a geometry textbook, or as if a child artist had drawn it. And blasting through it all, the roaring sun.

We were stopped on the road by a British sergeant. "Can I see your passes, sir?"

We produced our identity cards and curfew passes.

"You know we are under complete curfew here, sir? You shouldn't be allowed through. I'll have to see the captain."

I told Jonathan to stay with his bike and I would go to see the officer in charge. The sergeant led me along to one of the cottages, knocked on the door; inside were some soldiers and my old acquaintance the drunk captain. He was sitting sprawled in a chair with a bottle, while his soldiers were searching the cottage.

"Two civvies, sir. Trying to get through on a Vespa. Both had identity cards and curfew passes."

"Thank you, sergeant, thank you." He waved the bottle nonchalantly at the sergeant and then turned to me. "It's the doctor! Well! I expect you're off on a joy ride?"

"As a matter of fact I was."

"Lucky old you. Ride on Blighty, as the troops say. I'm not off for another six months, worse luck!"

He seemed depressed.

"Cheer up," I said, "Cyprus isn't so bad."

"It stinks, chum. I'm bored—cheesed, chokka, browned-off. Do you know what happened? I was on patrol in Famagusta the other day when they started hooting over the blower: 'Brown Hillman car registration K.56 seen in Famagusta with Colonel Grivas in it. Brown Hillman K.56, intercept immediately—brown Hillman K.56.' As I was listening to the stupid thing what should go past but a brown Hillman, with plates K.56. Whacko! I thought. Put your foot down, driver, here's a trip to the palace and glory. We caught up, stopped and surrounded the car, and inside, sure enough, was Grivas. Everybody had their fingers on the trigger. I went up to the chap and said: 'Show me your identity card!' He pulled one out, same face on the photograph, and the name alongside 'George Grivas.' This was it.

"'Colonel Grivas, sir, in the name of the Queen I must ask you, chum, to come along with me!' He said, 'I am afraid you have made some mistake!' 'Oh, no, I bloody well haven't,' said I. I picked up the blower and they said, 'Bring him along; we'll send reinforcements. For Christ's sake don't lose him—and be careful. Don't use unnecessary force!' By this time a lot of wogs were hanging around but they were all roaring their heads off with laughter.

"He said, 'All right, I'll come quietly!' and we brought him along. He was George Grivas, O.K. We asked him to make a statement. He said: 'My name is George Grivas. I have been arrested four times previously, once by the Leicesters, twice by the West Kents, and once by an Irishman called Connor. But I am not Dighenis; I am not even a colonel.' We had to release the bastard."

While he was talking the soldiers were lifting up flagstones and tapping the walls.

"We're off after NAAFI break," said the captain, "and only an hour to go."

A corporal turned round. "There's something funny here, sir."

"Tear it down, corporal, have a look-see."

I suggested it might only be the chimney leading from the fireplace, why not look up the chimney?

"No, tear it down, corporal. May be booby-trapped."

"Have you had any booby trapping in the village?"

"Well, not so far, but you never know. I'll take you back to the Vespa," he said. "You ought to be escorted."

When we went outside the door we saw a crowd of children. The captain drew his revolver. "Can't be too careful," he said, covering them, and walked with me back to the Vespa. From the children there suddenly came a shout, "*Iatre!*"

I spun round and so did the captain. "Keep back," he shouted. "Keep away from us. *Oxi! Scram!*" But I recognized the voice that had called me. There he was at the back of the crowd, his eyes wide, his mouth in a broad shy grin.

"Charalambros!"

My patient, the boy with the anemia.

"*Pos pais, Charalambros?*"

"*Kala, iatre, ke si?*"

He looked better than when he had left the hospital, now he had got a bit of sun. He was still slow in his walking and in all his movements. He was barefooted and wearing a ragged pair of pants apparently made from a potato sack. He had no shirt on and had not filled out much; all the ribs were spare and showing.

I recognized a smile on his face. I put my hand in my pocket to see what I could give him; a few pennies and some chocolate for my journey. He would not at first accept them, then took them from my hands and, becoming



embarrassed, tried to run away to join the other boys. But he could not run; after a couple of paces he slowed down to hobbling on his spindly legs and was lost in the excited crowd.

The captain said nothing, but put his gun away and stalked back to the cottage—to wait until NAAFI break.

To get to Salamis one goes either round or through Famagusta, which is an ancient seaport on the eastern coast. Famagusta is in two parts; the inner walled city, which includes the old port, and a newer suburb around and to the south, called Varosha.

Since “the troubles” the dirty old walled city had been taken over by the Turks; the Greeks had all moved to the new town outside.

This was natural enough. The communities were separating all over the island, and as the old town had a majority of Turks the Greeks left. Similarly, Turks left the suburb, Varosha, to join their friends inside the city walls.

I persuaded Jonathan that, after the long drive, he needed to let his eyes rest before trying to take pictures, and that we might as well have a drink in the old city. After working out how much film he had and how long it would take to use it, he decided the effect would be better when the sun was not immediately overhead and agreed. We had coffee. Then I hinted that there might be some interesting shots in the ancient buildings of the town and persuaded him to show me around.

Inside the old walled city there are, they say, 365 Christian churches, one for each day of the year. I always distrust the figure 365; too many places seem to use it. Here there were so many crumbled buildings there was no way of counting them, but it might well have been true. Just outside is the noble Church of St. Barnabas, the saint who came to Cyprus

a few years after the death of Christ and converted the Roman governor—the first important gain by the early Christian faith. The Church of Cyprus is one of the very oldest in the world, and, although associated with the Greek Orthodox, differs in many ways from other churches. The present head of the church, the religious successor to St. Barnabas, is Makarios, who differs in many ways from other religious leaders. He is allowed, for instance, to sign his name in red ink.

Many of the churches within the city have been converted into mosques. Put a minaret on the church tower and encircle it with naked electric-light bulbs; take the stained glass from Gothic windows and insert a latticework of wood; remove everything inside the church; write some Koran on the walls; lay down prayer mats facing exactly east (which generally means at a slightly disturbing angle to the rest of the church), and lo! you have a mosque.

But, despite such incongruity, the call of the muezzin in the evening, the whine and warble and descending notes of prayer coming from a plaster parapet built high on an old Venetian tower, with the sky behind and the wheeling of birds, have a beauty that we lack in the West.

Most of the churches are in decay and ruins. The Moslem venerates, as we do not, the religious houses of others; but many Turkish families, refugees from fear of the Greeks outside the walls, had had to camp in the aisles and vestrys and chapels of those churches that had roofs. Their animals, camels and donkeys, were tethered in those that had not.

Jonathan, of course, had the time of his life—leaping about the buttresses, wading through camel dung with his camera at the ready, getting pictures of a donkey with his backside in an old church porch, and of camels, stupid and aloof, with their heads poking through the arch of a Byzantine window.

He took some moving shots of Turkish families in their

dirty but vividly colored clothes—bright red, purple, green, or blue children's dresses—and of boys or girls clustered with their refugee belongings on what would have been steps to the altar, a fire for cooking built against the altar stone.

"I don't know what I'll do with this," he yelled. "It's no bloody use to me—but it's wonderful! Terrific stuff!" Then there would be a loud noise from the back of a camel's behind, and he leaped about to get a motion study of its droppings dropping, against the turreted, towered, minareted, crenelated, spired horizon of the fantastic town.

Then, having persuaded him that he might get some light effects looking down on the water, we went up onto the sea wall and walked the battlements to Othello's tower. Whether the Moor from Venice ever lived is not known, although Venetians certainly were in Cyprus; but from this tower Othello surely threw himself into the sea. Below the tower one sees the harbor and the Sea Gate. The only other proper entrance to the old town is the Land Gate, which leads over a moat and through a tunnel in the massive fortress wall.

Time was passing. We went off to Salamis.

I had, of course, heard of this place (with the accent on the first syllable; it has nothing to do with salami), one of the great cities of the ancient world, now one half drowned in sea and one half buried in sand. I thought it was going to be rather a bore, which was why I had kept away from it; a few excavations maybe, the big toe of a statue, the tourist's duty done, now let's go and have a drink.

I was certainly unprepared for the size and beauty of the place. A small group of devoted archaeologists had had to abandon their labors due to the troubles but already enough earth and sand had been cleared to indicate what still lay buried. In the reed-bound dunes, near the flat of the delta of the Paedios River (dry now almost all the year round), are great carpets of intricate perfect mosaic; columns of

marble, some a veined pink, some black, some of a granite-like stone; aqueducts leading to circular sunken marble baths and to old Roman lavatories; noble arches with fine statues; halls; temples; homes. Still only partly cleared is the largest of all the buildings of the Roman Empire. It takes about five minutes just to walk its gorse- and weed-covered length, with rows of columns showing on either side above the ground.

Jonathan was by this time in a seventh heaven. On his back he photographed the length of one salmon-colored pillar; doubled up in a hole in the ground he got a composition of some steps; and then, quiet as mice on our bellies, we watched the lizards as they slithered and stopped and scuttled across the hot paving, disappearing into the cracks of the deserted city streets.

The beach cuts through this ruined city, part of which can be seen in the clear sea. We lay in the sun, swam a bit, lay in the sun again, and then I wandered off. About a hundred yards down toward the delta was a small cliff about six feet high dividing the shore from the land.

Here, on the sand, one had to tread carefully. Bits of old pots, their necks, bases and handles, old kylikes, jars, urns, bits of marble, were strewn all over the beach. I slowed down to inspect in case there was a find.

Browsing around on the shore or in the water, my attention wandered to the cliff and I was suddenly held amazed. The cliff was not composed of earth, but of bits of all these things jammed together—tons of them bound hard by roots and sand. I went over and started to scabble. At first it was disappointing. Although there were hundreds of bits and pieces in a few cubic feet, they were all broken and I could piece very little together. The best I found, when joined together, made two thirds of a rather uninteresting pot. Some bits had lettering on them which I could not quite decipher;

there were chunks of plate, even old glass. I saw a gleaming white line in the cliff face. I scratched away at this but it was deep in and did not come out easily. Making a hole in the close-packed sand, I gradually excavated a large piece of flat alabaster, creamy white and crystalline, part translucent and part opaque. The edge, the bit I had originally seen, was raised and molded, but the inside edges were broken. I could see more of the same material in the hollow, dimly reflecting in the darkness.

First I washed my piece in the sea a few feet away. Then I went back and with hands, arms, and fingers pulled down maybe two or three tons of sand and collected several more pieces.

After a bit of juggling, they all fitted my big one. It was an enormous plate or fruit dish, rounded in the middle, octagonal at the edge, preserved perfectly in the sand but cracked by the weight of it.

I was, as one always is on the beaches, stark naked; there was sand in my newly grown beard. I ran back excitedly to announce my discovery. Jonathan, crafty dedicated man that he was, could not miss this piece of cinema. There is now a picture in glorious color of naked Hector being pursued around the walls of Troy, with Achilles just out of the frame. If Jonathan can find a Helen to complete the piece he can sell it for "cinema bleu."

I took my alabaster plate to the Department of Antiquities in Nicosia. They were not excited. It was only A.D. 600. They took a photograph, labeled it, and let me keep it. Then they sold me, for thirty shillings, a perfectly decorated kylix, nearly 3,000 years old—750 B.C. They had so many of those they could hardly bother about them. I use it as a fruit bowl nowadays, casually mentioning its age, but the alabaster plate I can put to no use at all.

For a long time I was not able to get back to Salamis, but

the idea fired me, for there were things there three and four thousand years old for the finding; not only old, but sometimes very beautiful. I had no car, not even a Vespa—and friends became chary of driving back at night as the troubles increased.

EOKA was putting down many pressure and electrically detonated mines. The latter were set off by hand and usually at a given target, but the former were for the first vehicle that came along. With friends who were more daring and took risks, I encountered mines in the mountain roads and passes—a sign to look for was freshly turned sand on the culverts, where there might be a mine under a small bridge over a stream.

There were also many ugly ambushes. So it was some months before I went to Salamis again.

This time, having been lent a car, I went alone. After a quick coffee, and kebab at Varosha I went on to Salamis, where I spent a happy day swimming and excavating. I had brought a small trowel, a sieve, and a hammer, which were all that I should need.

Coming back in the late afternoon, I went back the same way as I had come to buy some cigarettes in Varosha. As I came into the town I saw people running down the streets and then turning and running back again, with groups of others surging down the alleys and the lanes. There was a lot of noise, some women screaming and children crying. One Greek child was standing all alone at a street corner bawling his head off. Most windows and doors were shut or were being closed up with the Venetian shutters pulled in. Some shops were open—one grocer had his wares spilled out on to the road and there was a street stall on its side with the donkey, blinkered and awkward, still in the shafts and setting up a great braying. Window fronts were smashed;

men were talking, arguing, shouting. There were shots in a nearby street; and from somewhere a sound of whistles.

I saw two British soldiers coming out of a house dragging a Cypriot with them. One of them gave him a great kick with an army boot that sent the man sprawling flat into the road; then there was a shouting from the other side and I saw a section of soldiers gathering a crowd of Greeks into a corner. The slow ones, even the old or quite young, were being beaten with rifle butts or prodded by no means gently with bayonets. Some were being kicked on the ground.

I called out, "What's up?" to a soldier.

"— off! You get the —ing hell out of here. Never bloody mind what's up!" I poked my head out to tell him not to be stupid, but with a furious look on his face he bent down, picked up a brick and slung it at me. He missed but came running to the car. I went. His voice came over the din around him, "You —ing civilians!" He is a civilian himself by now, in all probability.

Farther up was a bus out of which the occupants were being pushed. As they came down the steps from the bus door they were grabbed by the back of the neck and slung across the road. There was a truck, I think an army lorry, nearby and a group of soldiers were putting the men from the bus on to this. Anyone who didn't get on fast was beaten, kicked, or pushed. I saw a sergeant coming up the road and asked what was happening. Could I do anything?

"There's nothing you can do, sir. Better not worry about what's happening. If I was you, sir, I'd get away, quickly, and I mean it."

On the road out of Famagusta, back to Nicosia, an old hack jalopy with a broad white stripe on it came hurtling down the road toward me. It screeched to a stop, overloaded with journalists, some of whom I knew. They were shouting

at me. One of them leaped out of the back before they had stopped. "Hey, doc, what gives?"

"I don't know what gives—you tell me!"

"Some Englishwoman was shot out shopping in Fama-gusta. They say the troops are going to town on the Greeks. What have you heard? Did you see anything?"

"I've heard absolutely nothing. But if you go farther down the road"—I pointed in the direction of the bus and truck—"you'll come to the start of it. There seems to be some sort of riot going on."

"Did you see what regiment?" They were all round me now, all questioning. Not being a journalist I had not bothered to notice the regiment. There was a moan from one of the journalists, then another yelled, "Hell's bells, boys, let's go!"

I passed more journalists in cars on the way back. I went straight to the Ledra Palace Hotel in Nicosia, where they all stayed. To get the real news one went to Savvas, the hall porter. He took all the messages, cables, and telephone calls, helped decipher almost any language, and distributed EOKA leaflets—all for a fee. What with running his own car-hire and information service, he must have made a pile that year. I couldn't find him in the foyer but I pieced the facts together.

Slowly the story came out. The names didn't emerge until later. Two Englishwomen, one of them with her young daughter, had been out shopping about the time I had been sunbathing on the beach. Two boys had come round a corner, followed them down a street, and got near enough to shoot, killing one—Mrs. Cutcliffe, the wife of a Royal Artillery sergeant—and severely wounding the other. It was a cold-blooded, vicious, stupid murder. There were no men, that is no Englishmen, nearby at whom the boys could have been aiming. Several shots were fired into the woman lying



on the ground. The boys had disappeared. It was a deliberate and brutal crime and was the first time that an English-woman had been killed in this way.

Some thought that the boys had not received accurate orders and being cowards had chosen women to kill instead of men. The Greeks were saying it was impossible; that Turks must have done it to blacken the Cypriots' name—but all Turks lived inside the old walled city, not in Varosha. If any Turkish boys had gone to Varosha to do this they might have escaped from the British but would never have escaped from the Greeks. A more sensible opinion was that the killing of the women was a direct order of Grivas, in order to provoke the British, make the troops do damage, and thus stir up antagonism against Britain in the press of the world. Whatever the reason, a British woman was dead and another one was wounded—and all they had been doing was shopping and having an afternoon stroll.

Police and troops were on the scene in a few seconds. Minutes later the word got back to the camps. The news went round among the soldiers that they were going in to "do" Famagusta. The wilder spirits and some N.C.O.'s collected volunteers. Those in the town stayed there with Sten guns and rifles, others drifted out of the camps in small groups, by the main gate or over the fences, with any weapons they could get. In most cases the officers were not told. As the groups got together, they got more revengeful and angry, and finally went in and beat up the town. As far as one could make out, every male Greek Cypriot in Varosha over the age of puberty was got at by the troops.

In Nicosia things were happening. The Governor and the General knew almost at once, and flew out by helicopter within a few minutes. Before going they issued certain orders. The regiment to which Sergeant Cutcliffe belonged was

confined to barracks. Two battalions of first-class troops, I think the Blues and the Paratroops, were to take up positions at the other end of the town ready to move in on the rioting British if orders were given. Orders were sent out to all the troops in Famagusta to stay in camp, but the few who were there to hear the orders turned a deaf ear. This was the start of mutiny—the first since the Black Watch, ten years previously in Palestine—although it never quite came to that. Things calmed down gradually and the troops were brought back, but not before they had done a great deal of damage to people and property.

Four Greeks died. None of them died directly from the action of the soldiery. One had heart failure, but was said previously to have had a bad heart; another suffocated in a crowded truck. The hospital in Famagusta that night had patients lined along the corridors and halls—but not all of them were severely injured. No soldier shot or bayoneted anybody, which could so easily have happened. Some skulls were cracked. On the following morning the Greek press as usual overstated its case. The front page had a picture across the width of the paper of about twenty men standing up with bandages round their heads. It was most dramatic and must have looked bad in other newspapers around the world. A bandage round the head is the same for a fractured skull or for a small cut on the forehead; if they were standing up they were unlikely to have fractured their skulls.

Who was to blame among the troops? Probably some of all battalions. The Royal Ulster Rifles, a notably tough regiment, were the first to be accused, but as one said: "It wasn't us at all this time, honest to God it wasn't. It usually is us, mister, but this time we didn't have the chance."

One of the injured was later transferred to the hospital at Nicosia. He had been kicked in the ribs, and several were

fractured. He had found it difficult to use the arm on his injured side to get onto the lorry quickly enough and had complained. A rifle butt was brought down on his leg, breaking it. When I saw him he was still complaining and, after all, with reason; he had only been going to his home at the time. I tried to make amends by being particularly attentive to him; he spoke English well and liked T. S. Eliot and Yeats. I lent him a book of poetry to console him.

The doyen of the Middle East correspondents, Rawle Knox of the *Observer*, writing about this incident at Famagusta, said the troops had rioted and that they were out of control, both of which statements were true. A minister replied denying that this was so. Knox pointed out, in an open letter, that he had seen the riot, and that if the troops were not out of control but were acting under orders, it was a more shameful thing to have happened.

Although there were other incidents—such as that at the other end of the island, involving the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders who roughed up the local village after an ambush—there was never again anything on the Famagusta scale. It was a bad affair, but Cyprus was a bad place, and the Army had some justification. After EOKA had got away with things for so long the incident created a certain kind of respect for the Army. The Cypriots quite understood why we did it, and after that no other Englishwoman was killed. All in all, the soldiers beat up but did not deliberately kill anybody. It has to be weighed against EOKA killings—hundreds of Greek, British, and Turkish people dead and in their graves.

A sidelight was that when the journalists, hot-foot and hot-rod, from Famagusta, went to file their stories back to England the cable system, conveniently for authority, had mysteriously broken down.

No word could go out about Famagusta until the fault was repaired. This line started working again just before dawn the next day when the news was too late to be printed in the English morning papers, except the very last edition of the *Daily Telegraph*.

## 12

In the Greek Orthodox Church it is not proper for a man to see any woman naked, or for a woman to see a man naked, unless that man and woman live together—marriage does not occur until the girl has supplied her fiancé with a house. Because of this involved prudery it is difficult to get girls to nurse male patients, so that was done by men. On the whole, the standard was very high. They did not know as much about the subtleties as nurses trained in England, but in hard work, efficiency, and a basic understanding of the animal needs of the human being in distress they were at least the equals of their British counterparts. Their hours of work would not be tolerated in this country; night duty lasted for a month, twelve hours a night and not an hour off all the nights of that month. In a well-staffed London hospital a girl can take some time off at night, but in Nicosia, with not enough nurses, they were on their feet the whole night through.

The job of male orderly is quite a good position in a fairly poor island. One of the best was Andreas, the orderly in my ward, who was intelligent, responsible, good-natured, and open-minded. Because he was trustworthy he worked for a while on the private ward, where English civilian patients stayed, as well as the richer Greeks, Turks, and the Armenians—who are always rich. Andreas mixed in good company

with Loizos, a strong Clark Gable of a boy with a very similar nature, and Panayiotis.

Panayiotis was tall; at the age of fourteen he had looked big enough to be a man, so he borrowed false identity papers and joined the British Army. Although a tall boy, he had outgrown his strength in the transient acromegaly of adolescence, and on the parade ground he was too weak to do arms drill with his rifle and was always getting into trouble. He could not get out of arms drill, for that would have meant disclosing his age. When he was sixteen he had fought at Monte Cassino, the youngest, or one of the youngest, there. At eighteen, an age when most young men have not started out in life, he had already fought in a real war, been a soldier for four years, and now was demobilized.

These three—Andreas, Loizos, and Panayiotis—were always good value and a center of stability in the wards. All of them had at one time or another worked on the private ward, the mark of trustworthiness.

Not all were as good as these three. One orderly was an obsequious fellow, a bookworm who nevertheless failed his examination and made the most stupid mistakes with the patients, but who was most voluble about his ability and knowledge. He managed to convince the people of his village that he was the hospital gynecologist, and even capped this by saying that the real gynecologist assisted him at operations. As a demonstration he performed a D. and C. (an abortion) on one of the goats in the district and soon had the village every weekend supplying him with herds of goats, just to keep his hand in practice. He may be doing it still.

There was another male nurse, an insignificant weak-faced boy whose large eyes and sullen appearance could have been interpreted as insolence, who was said to have been beaten up by the soldiers for no reason. Stories like this were usually discounted, but some weeks later this unfortunate boy had to

be taken into hospital with face and head wounds. He had been beaten up again, this time, he said, by the Turkish police. Whoever did it, and for whatever cause, this time it could not be discounted. He was badly battered.

I worked two mornings of every week in the blood transfusion service. To cover up for emergencies we had to take two bottles from the relatives, about a pint in each, for every bottle we issued to that patient. In every other sense this blood transfusion service was one of the most efficient things in the hospital. It was run by three Turks, Miss Melahat Mellousi in charge, with a girl and a very useful young man, Munur, as her assistants. Miss Melahat was vigorously Turkish. She displayed in the blood bank, too prominently to be anything but provocative, charts of the blood groups of various nations. These charts showed that the blood groups of Greek Cypriots were more like those of Turkish Cypriots than like those of mainland Greeks, indicating that Greek Cypriots and mainland Greeks had racially little in common and implying that ENOSIS had no racial basis. Nothing in Cyprus could not be made political.

The Greeks were scared of pain and superstitious about blood. "Do not take much, doctor, please; only a cupful." "Doctor, I go to my fiancée tomorrow. Slowly, slowly, doctor. I shall need the blood to be strong for her." Once we were in need of blood group O for a Greek patient. Miss Melahat rang up her emergency reserve, the police force, and in twenty minutes seventeen "volunteer" policemen, all Turks, all group O, marched in in double-quick time. I should like to have seen the volunteering. "You, you, you and you; group O—right turn, quick march!" The officer who marched them in did not feel like being bled himself.

My job was to take the blood pressure to see if they could

afford to be bled; then to insert the needle and keep it in a vein; all very routine.

One day four Turkish policemen came in, all genuine volunteers this time. One was an enormous, muscular, close-eyed, and close-cropped man. He had been, he said, a champion heavyweight wrestler, and he certainly looked the part. While he lay on the couch with the blood coming from him, Munur, who was assisting me, said, "Doctor, they come from Omorphita."

He obviously expected some reply, judging by his tone of voice. Omorphita was police headquarters.

"Doctor, *they interrogate Greeks.*"

I said, "Yes, Munur, O.K., they are interrogators."

He said, "No, doctor, you don't understand." He gave a little giggle. "*They beat them.*"

One morning Andreas accosted me at the hospital coffee-shop, surrounded by a group of his friends.

"Doctor, doctor! You know what happened to me, doctor? I was beaten by the soldiers. And you know where, doctor? On the testicles!"

I was embarrassed by this and did not know what to say, so I replied that his testicles were probably so large that the soldiers couldn't miss. It was meant to be a joke to ease things, a tribute to his virility, but the joke fell very flat.

I worried about this incident during the day, for I liked Andreas. In the evening we met again and he cornered me.

"Doctor, this morning, when I told you I was beaten by the soldiers, you laughed at me. Doctor, it is the first time in all the troubles that this has happened to me."

I asked him was it still hurting.

"Only a little now, doctor, when I stand, but a lot when I sit down or walk." I asked him to take coffee with me and tell me the whole story.



He had been coming to the hospital on his Vespa in the morning and had been stopped by a routine road block and identity-card check (in case Grivas was going round on a Vespa). He got out his papers: an identity card, an old curfew pass, a new curfew pass, a certificate to say he worked at the hospital and another giving him permission to enter it. Five certificates—that gives some idea of the administrative confusion. When the leader of the patrol, an N.C.O., came up, Andreas was made to open his legs. The leader then hit him with his fist from behind and underneath. As Andreas doubled up he was then struck across the kidneys, while his papers, without being looked at, were thrown on the ground. “— off, you filthy Cypriot bastards!” He was warned not to turn around while he drove away.

“Why do they do this, doctor? I have done nothing! This never happened to us before,” he complained. I could hardly interrupt him, except to point out that the whole British Army was not like that, just the odd man.

I asked him what he was going to do. Would he go to the police? “Nothing, doctor, they are Turks.” When the weak-faced boy had gone to the police to complain about ill-treatment he had been beaten by them again. Go to his superior in the hospital, a well-respected Greek? “No, doctor. He will just say, ‘What can I do?’” Well, then go to the English commissioner. “No, doctor, I cannot. Then they would know my name and they all would be after me. Doctor, you see, I am getting married next week.” I told him that it was not true that he would be a marked man, that is, marked by the British, but I half felt that it might be so. Nevertheless, I told him that, for the other nurses’ sake, he ought to make a complaint. I also felt, although I did not say so, that it would be for the good of the British if the occasional thugs were removed from positions which could damage our prestige.

But Andreas would not budge. He did not want to be further involved. I asked if I could do something about it. He demurred at first, then let me get on with it—as long as I did not use his name. I saw Andreas' superior. He asked, "Doctor, what can I do?"

I wasted no more time in that channel.

I had to go to work then in casualty and later planned to see the commissioner. However, an assistant commissioner came in to see me with a cut finger. After treating him I took him to my room, gave him a drink, and told him what had happened, assuring him that, knowing Andreas, it was unlikely to be a cock-and-bull story. I told him the place and the time it happened, and he promised to do something about it. I heard later that the N.C.O. had been quietly removed and put on cookhouse duties. There was no charge against him, as Andreas had been too afraid to lay one.

These things did happen. Compared to killings by guns in the street they were trivial, but they did occur; they were not necessary and were not good for either the British or the Cypriots. Furthermore, Andreas, although he was one of the better Cypriots, was afraid to get involved. The police and Turks he feared, the British he distrusted. The one person of his own race in authority, to whom he had the right to direct access, would not go out of his way to help him.

At Ayios Dhometios, a suburb of Nicosia, a few Greek Cypriots were sitting in front of a coffee shop, leaning back, feet up on the chairs as is the custom. A taxi went past with the windows open, guns came out of the windows and several shots were fired into one of the men.

He was brought to hospital severely wounded. He did not die, but it was likely that he was going to as his condition was very poor. We did not know the motive for the shooting;

maybe he was considered to be a traitor, maybe just an old family score. We could not put him in the detainees' ward. If he was a traitor he would not have been safe with them, neither there nor in the other grilled and guarded room on the second floor. He was put, as most of the wounded were, in the men's surgical ward. There was an English sister in charge there, but in the afternoons, due to staff shortage, she had to attend to three different wards at the same time. While she was away Andreas took over with three Cypriot male nurses under him.

I was in the orthopedic theater when I heard the tea trays crash. In all hospitals trays crash. Then I heard a commotion and went to see what was up.

The crash had not been tea trays. Two masked men had entered the ward and shot dead in his bed the wounded man from Ayios Dhometios. He had been nearly dead anyway. A Turkish policeman in the next bed had either given chase or fainted on the spot; the story varied. Patients, nurses, sisters, and police were clustering around, all talking their heads off. I saw Andreas, who had been in charge, and again to cheer him up I said, "Andreas, you shouldn't have done it!" He went as white as paper and said: "Doctor, do not say that. Don't say it again."

It would take less than half a minute for the murderer to leave the hospital. Twenty-five minutes after the murder the hospital guard was warned to let nobody out.

Nobody, of course, knew who did it. Andreas had been sitting in the sister's office, with a glass screen to look into the ward, one orderly had been *in the ward* and two others were about. They all heard the shot, but insisted that they had seen nothing.

If Andreas, when he was beaten, had so little background of security that he would not complain on his own account, although it was unlikely that anything would happen to him,

how now could he say or suggest anything about this business, the murder of one of his own patients, when the result would for him be almost immediate and possibly a horrible death? How could he? Yet Andreas was one of the best men there. He, too, knew that there once had been a Cypriot who, in connection with the murder of a relative, gave information to the police. Information is often volunteered but alone it is not enough. Evidence in court is also required which, in Cyprus, is harder to obtain. This man was promised a free passage to Australia for himself, his wife and his children if he spoke the truth in the witness box. He gave the evidence; the murderer was hanged, the man went away to a new life in a better land.

Soon after he went to Australia his uncle was killed; a month later his mother was killed; then his father, some brothers and sisters, followed by an aunt, some other uncles, and even after a year his grandfather. We did not realize that these people were connected with the affair until long afterwards, but every Cypriot knew who they were and knew why they had died.

When I saw Andreas later he again remarked, "Doctor, you should not have said that."

I replied that it was only a joke.

"Yes, doctor, but it might make me suspect to the British. They can detain me, doctor, without evidence. I have a wife now. Please don't do these things."

## 13

I was sitting on a first-floor balcony in the moonlight drinking with, among others, Sister Joan and a young paratroop officer. Sister Joan spoke of Ted Pierce, who had been shot in the eye. The surgeons at the military hospital thought it might be better not to operate to take out the bullet, but Pierce was indignant. "I want to see that slug and trace the gun it came from! If you're afraid to do an operation, well, just turn me upside down and shake me! Do you think I could carry on without even *knowing*?"

This raised a laugh until one young civilian said: "Yes, I know that story is very funny, only it isn't really, it's typical of Cyprus—bloody soap opera. Guns and great declarations and all of it for nothing. There are probably a hundred funny incidents like that every day, incidents of heroic, even quite unnecessary, bravery—and many funnier ones of sheer cowardice. There's lots and lots of soft soap for the opera all right—and listen!—that in the background is the music. Listen to it." In the distance was an occasional explosion and rattle of machine-gun fire. "You have to find *some* fun in it all or you couldn't live with people."

He stopped talking, but nobody else took up the conversation.

"Go on," said Sister Joan.

"All right. Where it stops being funny, and stops very sharp-like, is the fact that, although it seems a soap opera,

people actually die. The corpses on the stage are real; and Cyprus is a stage setting, playing it out for the world—but the corpses don't get up after the curtain comes down. They stay put, dead. And the awful thing is that you reach an attitude of mind where it is the dead who seem unreal."

He was interrupted. A shot rang out quite close from a wood across the road.

The paratroop officer vaulted the balcony and disappeared, running across the road into the wood.

There was silence for about ten minutes. Then there were two shots in rapid succession, and the paratrooper just as suddenly appeared again.

"Got him!" he exclaimed. "He took a pot shot at me but I winged him. Who's got my drink?"

"How did you do it?"

"I just went in and looked around to see where *I* would hide if people were looking for me. I saw a trench and some bushes and, sure enough, there he was. I shot him and handed him over. How's that for a bit of comic opera?"

We laughed, including the serious young man who said, "Yes, wonderful, but it's still only the middle of Act II, you know."

Other nights were spent with a group of friends on the beaches or in the mountains. Looking back now it does seem foolhardy; it was considered dangerous to be out alone at all—but we never came to harm. We were, I think, the only people voluntarily to be out of doors merely for our pleasure in the countryside after dark.

The organizer of these excursions—for we were much too lethargic to organize ourselves—was an unusual woman called Penelope Tremayne. She had started to learn Greek, privately, under the bedclothes, at the age of eight, and by now had such a proficiency that in Cyprus she was mistaken

for Athenian and in Athens for a Cypriot—which was not so good—and heightened the Hellenic illusion by wearing the Greek colors, blue and white, for a dress. This shrewd and intelligent woman knew the Greeks and the Cypriots well, both for their vices and for their better qualities, and she liked them all the more for not idealizing them. She had only two faults. The first was an immense directed zeal and drive, too much for any ordinary person. The other was that, while her blue-white perception was heightened, she was red-green color blind—she was not so much anti-Turkish as that for her Turks hardly existed. If a Turk somehow managed to obtrude upon her consciousness it was just to be dismissed as unintelligent or dull, the Greek point of view.

At a hint she would rush into dangerous situations where fellow journalists, indeed no angels, feared to tread—but that does not mean she was a fool. Brandishing her superior Greek in the faces of innocent or guilty, she often came back with a story that the linguistically less capable missed.

I would leave the hospital after work at night, or after reading the evening news, to join whoever in the group had a car, and return in the morning in time to start work again. Sometimes we went to stay overnight in the mountains in the ruins of Kantara Castle in order to wake at dawn and see the sun coming from eastern countries rise over Israel. Battlements are not comfortable resting places; I rarely saw that dawn.

Once I was asked to bring the guitar and play to some lonely foresters in the mountains. We drove over rough tracks up through the suspicious village of Ayios Amvrosios to the forest station at Halefka. We ate with the eager, virile young men but the reception was, at first, rather cold, so I was requested by the party to play some Greek songs. I did. The reception continued cold. This did not worry me; the

hack guitarist soon acquires the dangerous gift of immunity to his audience; but it worried Penelope.

"Play some pop stuff," she said. "You've been singing in a *Greek* accent and they feel embarrassed because they speak only the Cypriot. It makes them feel inferior."

So I played old English favorites while the boys sang them in Greek, having heard them all on the wireless.

Penelope made the mistake of introducing me as a doctor and it was this that really broke the barriers. The foresters came forward in twos and threes to announce their various ailments, although they were the fittest young men I had seen. It was the last young man, however, handsome and deeply bronzed by the strong mountain sun who had the most interesting complaint.

"It is like this, doctor. We spend many months up here away from our villages. We get strong and much alive cutting the trees and planting." He thumped his chest. "*Zoume!* We live! We are big."

I agreed.

"But it is this, doctor. We are many long times here and we have no womans. Doctor, what can you do?"

I had no suggestions.

"Can you not make injections?"

"What kind?"

"Any kind of injections, doctor, you must know something. Is it not bad for us to be without womans for so long? Sometimes I very sick here"—he tapped his head—"and other times down here."

"Why don't you marry?"

"Oh, no, doctor!" he said disparagingly. "We were all going to save our moneys and buy a woman to stay with us up here, but the man who collected our moneys, one day he was just gone away from the mountains and we do not see him again. He must have had lots of many good times now."



I like to be him—but I would not take all the moneys of the others, of course.”

“Of course.”

“We tried Tanzimatt Street in Nicosia, but all the girls are gone from the houses there since the troubles. Doctor, I am starting to feel sick again now thinking of it. Please do some things for me!”

He sounded quite as anguished as a moderately sick man; indeed, the story had an element of pathos. Somewhat against my medical judgment I gave him the name of the doctor in Nicosia who gave the hormone injections, hoping the doctor would give the right injection this time and that the husky youth found himself a more acceptable and appropriate remedy for his condition before he arrived at the waiting room.

Then I played some Greek songs of unrequited love. The difference of accent mattered no longer. They sat on the moss and the pine needles and bawled their hearts out, some with tears streaming down their weather-beaten faces, while around on the purple mountaintop there were only the trees, gently stretching their elegant lengths in the mute darkness of the sky, to listen to the exciting rhythms of the sad songs, and the chaste singers.

Other nights were spent on various of the innumerable beaches of Cyprus. On the land were men prowling, intent on murder, and others locked and barred in their homes in fear, but that did not deter us. Instead the open spaces of the island were left entirely to us for our sport and, of course, to EOKA for theirs.

I would generally arrive on the beaches later than the main party. One friend or another would pick me up from work or from the radio station in a jeep or a hired jalopy. We would drive quickly to the sea, flashing curfew passes at

the inevitable road blocks manned by tired soldiers, and wind for miles along the wriggling coast road until we could see a light flickering from a cove. Then, parking the car off the main road and hoping that nobody would steal it, bomb it or lay a booby trap—for many people had been killed in these lonely places—we climbed down the cliff side and the rocks to the beach.

On the beach would be gay and witty company, a brushwood fire, sausages and eggs sizzling in pans, a local dish of rice and meat wrapped in vine leaves, warming by the fire. However, for the time being the company must be witty to itself; after a few brief greetings one would slip around a rock and take off one's clothes to slide into the warm sea, phosphorescent where the feet were kicking, and calm and clean when the moon shone, so that the sea floor looked like the surface of the moon itself. The sea was always so warm that it was only relatively refreshing, only in winter was the water cool enough to stimulate. Back to the beach, wrapped in a blanket to join the conversers and the sausages, the sweet and the water melon, the black or white grapes, tough bread, and flagons of wine and rough brandy. After conversation and food, cigarettes and, of course, the ubiquitous guitar, another lazy swim in the flat, quiet, tideless ocean before wrapping up in blankets, curling round a wine flask and talking off to sleep. One would shake awake in the early morning sun by again plunging into the water, then take coffee from an open-air taverna on the road before going back to Nicosia and work.

This was the way the Cypriots had lived before the troubles started, a simple life and a good one, but many British preferred "The Slab," the bathing place of the Kyrenia Club, a club for British residents and officers stationed in the area.

Selected better-class Cypriots, before the troubles, could join the club, if they were passed by the committee.

It was literally a slab, made of slabs of concrete, at the base of Kyrenia Castle wall. There was no beach there, no sand, no flowers, no shade. Middle-aged English figures, singly or in pairs, would parade on the area until they found a vacant square of knobbly concrete on which to deposit the bath towel, the sun-tan lotion, the goggles, flippers, bathing cap and cigarettes, then to lie, self-conscious, in the sun. Behind the Slab were changing huts, for the sake of modesty, numbered 1 to 12, 12a, 14 to 20. Bathing hut 13 did not exist. On the cement, British upper-class infants were reared and the retired found serenity beneath a foreign sun.

A friend, a journalist, asked me to come to a party and to bring the guitar. One or two others, he said, would be there.

The difficulty of having a party when journalists are about is that a party is news and journalists are news hounds. As I arrived, a panting young man with glasses burst through the door saying, "Sorry I'm late, Peter, I only just heard."

"But you weren't asked!"

"I thought you had forgotten!"

"I didn't *mean* to ask you."

"Oh, Peter! How *could* you; Peter!" he said disappointedly; and suddenly rushed past into the room which was crowded with other journalists, television and radio men, officers' daughters, air hostesses (the main attraction during curfew) and nurses, and he was lost in the crowd.

Sister Joan was there and I joined her.

"Hallo, doctor, I didn't know you mixed in literary company."

"I don't, sister."

"A bit different from your usual crowd, isn't it?"

From the background came moans, screams and wild oaths as the hungry members of the press attempted to seduce or rape or otherwise assault various women.

"Yes, it is, sister." Pause. "Is it your usual crowd?"

"Not usual, doctor, not usual." She sauntered away swinging her hips, then turned round and nonchalantly lifted her glass toward me. "Only occasionally. Enjoy yourself. Cheers!"

A tall stooping man beside me said: "I think she's got your measure. Are you the doctor from the hospital?"

I introduced myself. His name was Jacobson; he seemed a knowledgeable and intelligent man. We talked about Cyprus and as I had more drink I put forward an idea that recently intrigued me. It is naïve, but it went, as I remember, like this:

"Every philosophical system starts from some basic idea and is developed from there. Most of the world's troubles are due to conflicting political philosophies. In fact, the end result of many of them is destruction of some kind, but that destruction is always justified on the basic tenet.

"If the result is destructive, then either the basic premise is at fault or else the logic must be somewhere incorrect. Now, if the pure philosophers, analytical ones and the theologians, disagree for all their intelligence, application, and industry about the basic things, how can you expect a politician to make any sense?"

"Go on," said Jacobson.

"Well, if this idea could be agreed on—and I think if it were put openly nobody would have the courage not to agree—that *whatever else* you start from this must be one of the results arrived at: Nobody anywhere is allowed to kill anybody any time—then, even if the different schools of logic worked backwards differently from there and got entirely different answers, no great harm could be done and an important thing achieved."

"Do you know," said Jacobson, "I must be twice as old as you are but I only got that idea last month. I hate to confess it."

Two or three journalists who had gathered around hooted with laughter. "Sydney, how can you *say* such a thing!" Jacobson blushed.

The idea is naïve, it will never work in practice, it would never work with Hitlers in the world—"nor," said somebody, "with Makarios"—but I had been dealing in the hospital with the results of three conflicting ideologies, each equally certain of its correctness. The others were at fault for laughing and Jacobson was to be respected for proclaiming his enthusiasm despite the cynicism to which, being experienced, he was entitled.

The following day Mr. Macmillan, the British Prime Minister, arrived in an attempt to find a solution to the problem which dated to at least 1902, the year when the young Winston Churchill, even then a prominent man, had first encountered it on *his* arrival in Cyprus. Macmillan's visit was the reason for the presence of so many press men.

Some weeks previously in London, Macmillan had announced a rough scheme for peace. This scheme had been rejected by the Greek Prime Minister, Mr. Karamanlis, by the Turkish Foreign Minister, Mr. Zorlu (who insisted on some form of partition for the island; Zorlu was hanged in the fall of '61, by the military junta in Turkey) and by Archbishop Makarios, who, while sitting it out comfortably in Athens, announced that the new plan was "unavoidably leading to antagonism and strife and creating a focus of permanent unrest and a threat to peace in the whole area."

The plan in actual fact was a tentative idea of peaceful partnership of the races.

Mr. Macmillan had visited the Greek and Turkish capitals

in the previous few days to discuss with the governments modifications to his scheme which would make it acceptable to all sides. To show good will, Sir Hugh Foot, the Governor, had lifted the night curfew that had shuttered all the villages for nearly three weeks. Only the villages of Asha, Vatili and Lyssi, where Colonel Grivas was again about to be finally terminated by the British Army, were still under curfew. Although tension increased, the actual trouble these few days was less.

Three Turks, a fifty-year-old farmer, his wife, and a friend were beaten to death near Paphos; a Turkish forest ranger was shot. The following day a British soldier, Sergeant Hammond, was shot in Nicosia while out shopping with his child; a Greek Cypriot's throat was cut and his wife was clubbed. Colonel Grivas announced a cease-fire. However, he threatened to withdraw it if the Turks and the British did not behave as he wished—this was thought only to be a tactical move so that he could get away from Asha (or Vatili or Lyssi) and reorganize his forces. A million leaflets, two for every head of the population, were dropped by airplane, appealing for peace.

On August 6 there were only two successful murders. A policeman was shot at Myrtou and a fifty-year-old Greek Cypriot woman was stabbed and beheaded in Nicosia. Her husband had tried to persuade her to move to a safer part of town but she would not go, so he went and left her alone.

On August 7 Mr. Macmillan flew to Athens from England and arrived in Cyprus the following Monday.

There was only a moderate escort to take him from the airfield to Government House, although every soldier and policeman on the island was, of course, alert and ready for trouble. Mr. Macmillan had talks with the Governor, with the leaders of the two communities, spoke on radio and television, and returned to England.

Raouf Denktash, Q.C., the deputy Turkish leader, considered Macmillan's visit to be useless because, he said, the state of Cyprus depended not on the British but on Makarios and the Greek government.

Dr. Themistocles Dervis, the resident Greek Cypriot civilian spokesman, described Macmillan's visit as a "mockery" trying, "only to make a pause."

The Greek government indicated its attitude to the plan by appealing to the United Nations. This appeal was an annual affair, annually sat on.

The modified plan had not yet been formally announced but Sir Hugh Foot had privately transmitted the details to the Archbishop in Athens, where he was closeted in the Grande Bretagne Hotel—rechristened since his residence as the "Petit Palais." Makarios then brought Cyprus to near despair by himself rejecting the partnership plan; after him the Greek government formally announced *its* rejection.

By the time the "partnership" plan was laid before the House of Commons the principals involved had all announced that they were not prepared to cooperate. The main points of the plan were:

A seven-year partnership.

Separate houses of representatives for the two Cypriot communities, leading eventually to a joint assembly.

Separate municipal councils.

Dual nationality; that is, Cypriots could remain British and also have complete Greek or Turkish nationality if they wished.

A commissioner each from Greece and Turkey.

The Greek government said it wanted no third government involved and that this should only be between Greeks and Turks. There should be a single legislative assembly

straight away with the races in proportion—that is, with the Greek Cypriots in majority. There should be no separate councils and no interference by commissioners from outside.

And, although this was not stated publicly, the Greek government's main objection was to that of dual nationality. They did not want to give the Cypriots citizenship of Greece and refused to do so. The Greek economy was already strained and this might completely overload it. So much for *its* attitude to ENOSIS.

So the islanders oiled the bolts of their doors and of their rifles in anguish and again resumed the business of slaughtering each other. Raouf Denktash was proved correct—the British plan ignored the reality of Makarios and his ambitions. EOKA started a new murder campaign. After some days, having killed a few people, they announced belatedly that their cease-fire no longer operated. Curfew clamped down on village after village to curb a once more mounting reign of terror and organized bestiality.

Sister Joan was most annoyed. "The Greeks have been asking for ENOSIS for years—now they've been offered it. They can't expect the Turks to 'enose' with Greece, so that means some kind of partition. The Turks have been asking for partition and now *they* have been offered it. Why can't they sort it all out? And why are our people saying: 'This is not ENOSIS'—'This is not partition.' It makes us sound as if we aren't offering them anything at all, whereas in fact we are giving them everything they asked for. I'm starting to hate all Cypriots! and I do think our people are a lot of bloody fools!"

But she tended them all with skill and real kindness when they arrived in the hospital from the fun-and-games and was greatly respected, by all races.



## 14

The island was again under curfew. An old man of seventy-one, Charles Woods, accountant at the English Club, had been shot in the morning. Although the Governor had warned civilians not to offer themselves as "soft targets," to go to work in the mornings by different routes and at different times, to open neither parcels nor their own front door, for many of us these warnings could make no difference. Charles Woods used to get a lift to work each morning and had to stand on the same corner. That morning he was shot, on the corner, waiting for the car.

I was coming back late that night to the hospital. There were two gates; the one nearer to me was shut, but the other meant making a detour. I decided to vault over the nearest closed gate, and was in mid-air, halfway down the other side, when a voice suddenly cracked: "Halt! Stay where you are!"

I could not stay where I was but landed on the ground, my arms up. "I'm a doctor—I work here!" One man was kneeling with a Sten gun facing me, while another advanced with a pistol.

The sergeant came up. "Sorry, mate. But you did look suspicious coming over the gate in the darkness in that there beard."

For the record, and as far as I know, that is as near as I came to being shot in Cyprus.

Later (it was the day when the son of a British sergeant, a young boy aged seventeen working for the NAAFI, was shot) I was in casualty when a soldier came in with a cut wrist, having tripped and cut himself on a bottle. I gave him antitetanus serum and morphia, cleansed and sewed his wound, and then arranged for him to be transferred to the military hospital. He had cut the median nerve at the wrist. While we were waiting, the soldier said, "You don't recognize me, do you, sir?"

"No," I said.

"I nearly finished you off the other night, when you nipped over the gate. If you hadn't spoken, in the next 'alf second you'd 'ave 'ad your chips. Bloody silly coming in over that gate like that."

Casualty work is the most varied of hospital duties. In the mornings at the hospital there were the routine outpatient clinics, but at other times anyone who came to the hospital came first to the casualty room. The outpatient clinics themselves were much too crowded. Ali Atoun, a Turkish doctor, arrived after lunch one day exhausted.

"I have done more than a hundred fifty cases this morning. I am tired. I'm afraid. How do I know I have not missed something? There is no time to examine everyone; there is not even time to take a proper history. And I get so confused that it becomes worse. One hundred and fifty patients! It is too much, you know."

Of course it is, but due to having to spend on security, the government had not the money for more doctors. The island's only major hospital worked on a ridiculously small staff. It was all right for me—I saw a lot; but not so good for the sick nor for the overworked doctors.

After Ali had gone a mother brought in her child, about four years old. It was not at all well, was crying in a funny voice, and unable to swallow its food. A quick look-over and

then, while it was crying, I held open its mouth and looked at the throat. The tonsils had swollen up on both sides and were so large that they met in the middle and blocked the entrance to the throat.

From the left tonsil a yellow toothpaste-like stuff was being squeezed out in a ribbon and the other tonsil had white spots on it. I took a swab—a small stick with a piece of cottonwool on the end—and dipped it into the toothpaste stuff, then sent the specimen to the laboratory for immediate investigation. Meanwhile, what to do? Staphylococcus, streptococcus, thrush, diphtheria? Diphtheria was the one to worry about, but I had not seen a case before. The textbooks said there would be a white membrane sticking to the throat which, on being pulled off, would leave the throat underneath raw. This toothpaste pus did not look like that.

But the rule with sore throats is: if you *suspect* diphtheria, do not delay, give diphtheria treatment. If wrong, no harm is done, but it is too dangerous to wait for laboratory investigations to prove the diagnosis.

The laboratory rang up. They had finished work. I could hardly expect someone to stay behind just to look at some pus, could I?

I didn't bother to answer but put the phone down, injected diphtheria antitoxin and penicillin, and ordered the ward to get a separate room ready, away from the other children. Barrier nursing was arranged—a special gown and mask to be kept in the child's room to be worn by anyone who entered, hands to be washed in antiseptic on leaving the room; special cutlery, crockery, toilet roll, and pot which no one else must use, all in the same room. I rang up the children's consultant and the ear, nose, and throat specialist, then sent the child upstairs to the ward, asking to be kept informed.

The next patient had been waiting outside, an old acquaintance. Once some doctor suspected that this man had

a heart disease. He had seemed quite healthy on inspection, blood pressure was all right, his pulse was regular, and an X ray of his chest had not shown the heart to be deformed or enlarged. "Just in case," said the doctor, "let us have an electrocardiograph." That, too, was normal. "These things do not always show at once," said the doctor. "Come and have another electrocardiograph next week."

By now the man had been having electrocardiographs at five guineas a time for several years. He had been fit enough at the start but now he was not. He had lost weight, his money and his confidence, and had developed a "cardiac neurosis"—he was in a condition of chronic anxiety about the state of his heart. He now came to the hospital because treatment was free, but all I could do was listen to his heart and assure him it was all right (it was) and even occasionally, one could never be sure, do an electrocardiograph myself; of course, for nothing. He had read books on heart disease and each week produced a perfect set of symptoms, only each week they were different and the clinical signs the doctor should find were, equally perfectly, absent.

We were interrupted in our futile consultation by a noise in the passage outside. A man was brought in, shot through the back of the chest with the usual neat little hole slightly bloodstained and dusted black. Probably EOKA.

A man who came in with him said, "There is no hurry, doctor, he is all right!"

"Really! How do you know?"

"I light a cigarette and make him smoke. There was no smoke come out of the hole in his back, doctor, so he must be all right I think."

In fact the man was not too bad, but this was hardly the reason. He was not in severe pain, so I did not give him morphia; a bullet is too hot for bacteria but as infection may have got into the wound from the dirty handkerchief which

was being used as a dressing I gave him a mixture of streptomycin and penicillin, just in case, and sent him to have an X ray. Then to the surgeons, with orders for a fifteen-minute check on his blood pressure and pulse until they had time to deal with him.

The next patient was a child with a cut knee; clean it, sew it up, penicillin and antitetanus serum. Come back in a week to have the stitches out.

I went to the wards to see my patients. Andreas, my male nurse, greeted me.

"Doctor, bed four, the old man. He died of elephants, doctor."

"Pink?"

"Nol Very white, doctor."

He had died of elephantiasis with big swollen legs and belly—edema and ascites. Elephants was not a bad guess as the death had been caused by drink. I went over to look at the old man and say some sort of good-by, for he had been a good jovial fellow. His neighbor in the next bed was very worried by the death.

"I die too, doctor."

The Cypriot orderlies roared with laughter. "You will go to join the great majority!"

"Yes, yes, I am dying!"

"When you get there, give our love to our relatives."

"When I die, there will not be your relatives where *I* am going."

I left them at it. This one was alive and kicking, but would not kick any bucket for a long time. The child with diphtheria was much worse, however, and by now could hardly breathe as his throat was blocked almost completely with pus. The ear, nose, and throat surgeon was preparing to make a hole in his throat to enable the child to breathe.

The doctors were gowned and masked in a small operating

room near the ward, and the surgeon was injecting local anesthetic into and under the skin of the neck, for the child was not well enough to take general anesthesia.

"Sorry, doctor, I could not wait for you. This must be done very quickly. Watch closely. As it is urgent, you may not see me do a perfect job."

An inch-long cut in the skin was made and the muscles were pulled aside and kept apart with hooks to expose the deeper layers of the throat. The surgeon dissected down to the gristly rings of cartilage, chose the correct one, and cut out of it a small piece the size of a dried pea; immediately the fast respirations slowed down as the child breathed through the hole. A metal tube was put in to keep the hole open and was sewn on to the skin of the neck. Suddenly the child coughed; a mass of white blood-flecked pus shot out of the tube. Everybody ducked: it was virtually a diphtheria bomb. The child was taken away and put to bed in a special room, breathing almost normally through the artificial nose in his neck.

I then hurried along to see the man with the bullet in his chest. One of the general surgeons was there when I arrived and was sounding the chest with his fingers—was this part normal? Dull? Hollow?—listening to the breathing with a stethoscope, then tapping the chest with coins.

"The mechanics of the chest are difficult," he said sadly. "I cannot make out for certain what has happened inside. His blood pressure has fallen a little but not very much. I think I will stay here awhile to see how he changes. You go away. I will call you."

Telephone: "I am a neurologist. I have a patient in detention. I am bringing him in straight away. Is that all right?"

"All right, doctor. I'll fix it. Come along."

A patient in detention? I rang up our ward for detained

prisoners but it was full. I rang up the prisons. While I was waiting to get through to them, the doctor and patient arrived. "Hello, doctor, this is the patient I rang you up about."

"I'm very sorry, but we have no bed in the detention ward. How have you got a detainee anyway?"

I had understood it wrong. The patient was not in detention but chronic retention—of urine. His prostate gland had become too large. The doctor was not a neurologist (a nerve disease doctor) but a urologist (who dealt with kidneys, bladders and urine). The doctor's name—had I heard it on the telephone I could never have made the mistake—was Dr. Pipis. Rarely was a man so blessed with a name to ensure success in his profession.

In the side ward an old man with a peptic ulcer bleeding into his stomach had vomited blood and his stools had turned black. He also had a hernia. We had given him a transfusion for his low blood pressure and powders, belladonna, and tasteless gastric meals for the ulcer. Slowly he had started to get better. The blood pressure returned to normal first, then his hemoglobin. He no longer vomited and his stools became an ordinary color.

One day he had complained of pain in his big toe. There was nothing definite to be seen, but two days later his left leg started to go gangrenous. We put a cradle over the leg to keep off the weight of the bedclothes and gave him anticoagulant treatment, hoping the gangrene would stop spreading even though he had an ulcer. The surgeons were called and we waited for their decision to amputate the leg or not; and if so, when. The surgeons decided not to amputate straight away.

On this day his hernia, which he had been too ill to have properly treated, strangulated. There was no question of

waiting now—operation must be the same day. At the same time his blood pressure dropped; probably under anticoagulants and the stress of the gangrene his ulcer had broken down again. The time was 1:25 in the afternoon.

I telephoned the blood bank to warn them that I would need a pint of blood, group O Rhesus negative, immediately and would be bringing down a sample from the patient in a moment to check that the bloods matched. Then I ran back to the patient. It was very urgent; the nurses had a syringe and needle ready; I tried to find a vein to take blood from. The veins at his elbows had collapsed and his wrist veins were empty and flat. The ankle was the same, I could not work up a vein even by squeezing and rubbing. The medical registrar arrived, he could not get blood either; the surgical registrar was no more successful. Things were getting crucial. I jammed the needle into a vein in the patient's neck and was just lucky; blood came out. I took a few drops in a syringe and ran with it downstairs to the blood bank as fast as possible.

We arranged to give the blood to the unfortunate patient but it was too late. He died. Even if it had been given earlier it would have been touch and go with all the complications, but I was grieved at it all.

A nurse came up to me and said: "You must not worry, doctor. He would have died tomorrow or next week. He has only—how do you say in English?—gone before."

When one is young, even as a doctor, death is a hard thing to learn. It is important that this should be so, or one might accept death too easily and not make enough effort at least to postpone it. I think the Cypriots were like that; death did not matter much; for that reason they also killed easily.

Below the balcony of the doctor's office was the hospital post-mortem room: and sitting outside it cross-legged on the



ground were some peasant women dressed completely in black. From one of them, the youngest, with tears streaming down her already weather-beaten face, came a terrifying and disturbing noise, a high-pitched screech of gabbled Greek which descended in a miserable wailing descant to a tremulous moan of "*Aman! Aman!*" The other women, rocking on their haunches from side to side, occasionally would interject with a scream or join in what appeared to be verses, forming a strange Greek tragic chorus.

Andreas appeared beside me and looked down. "She is crying for her man, doctor, who was killed. He is inside the mortuary."

"What's she singing, Andreas—a hymn, or a song of your church?"

"No, doctor, it is not that. She is crying the love words he said to her, and all the things they were going to do. They were engaged to be married together—listen." He translated.

"You are the flower that comes in springtime to the mountains: I will be a big tree beside you, *Aman! Aman!*"

"Warm and soft like the nights in the summer and the clean smell of the mountain woods, *Aman! Aman!*"

"I was giving my man a house and a field with a donkey and many chickens.

"We will live in your house, my love, he said, we will have many children and be happy and be friends with our people in the village—*Aman! Aman! Aman!*"

The grief of the woman and the awful poignancy in her rocking and sobbing were heartrending. Just then there was a shout and some nurses appeared from behind the mortuary and started to sing, following a coffin decorated with flowers.

"That one is EOKA," said Andreas. "Grivas sent a wreath." The black shapes of the mourners sat still and impassive except for the fiancée, breaking her heart in the keening at the wake.

## 15

Three things happening together made one day stand out in my mind.

First, it was the day Dr. Gillespie diagnosed leprosy by the shape of a lady's eyebrow.

Second, a Cypriot doctor asked me to admit a psychiatric patient as the mental home was full. "I ask you to admit her; she is loving too much."

"That is your indication for admission to hospital?"

"Yes, she is mad—she go ha-ha all the time, she love even when I made no joke. Ha-ha, ha-ha! like so."

"Oh, I see. She is laughing too much."

"Yes, loving all the time. She is not well—and she used to be a prostitute, you know."

I gave up and accepted the case.

The third item was the sudden bout of malingering in the prison.

Fourteen EOKA men from the central prison all at once complained of various symptoms. The prison doctor was afraid of some strange epidemic which he could not deal with, and sent them up to us.

We had a special room for sick prisoners in the hospital, with bars on the windows, a guard of soldiers by the door, and a warder inside with the prisoners. This detention sick-room was already half full before these new ones arrived, so most of them were bedded down in the ordinary casualty

room (next door to the detention room), but of course this was not usually guarded. An extra soldier had to stand outside it that night.

We examined them when they came in—all pulses and temperatures were normal, so this was no epidemic of infection. Most complaints were vague and no two men had the same symptoms. In fact there did not seem to be anything definable and seriously wrong with any of them. They must be malingering. However, we could not send them back to the prison again at night or we would have the Greeks calling the Human Rights Commission down on our heads for cruelty.

So they stayed in the casualty room for the night, with a tired fed-up sentry standing outside the door. Those soldiers worked too hard, often sixteen hours out of twenty-four, sometimes for twenty hours a day for two or three days in succession. Even so, hospital guard was quite a popular duty. The men could have a real bath, get their food cooked properly in the kitchens to eat while it was still hot, and many nurses were pretty enough to interest me, let alone the sex-starved soldiery. (If any wife wonders what her husband got up to in Cyprus I can give her my answer now: nothing; not a sausage; even these boys were behind bars, away from the nurses.)

The following morning we looked at the “sick” prisoners again. One *might* have a bit of an ulcer; one *might* have been some neurology case; a third *might* have had appendicitis. We could not be sure, so these three we admitted to the hospital. There was nothing wrong with any of the rest, so we packed them back to the prison, Human Rights Commission or not.

The next day I proudly diagnosed a middle-aged Turkish woman with her hair hennaed red for the last Muslim Festival (now growing half an inch of gray at the roots) as having

leprosy, because the tips of her fingers had large club-shaped warts with fungus growing on them. It took us six weeks to find that my diagnosis was wrong. She was a quiet and sweet-natured old dear, very alone in the world, for her father had been hanged, her husband had died in the war, and her son had been murdered by EOKA. Like her hair, her fingernails had been dyed with red ocher at the time of the festival, so she had half of each nail unvarnished and the end a dirty red.

I was working late that night; a patient arrived from casualty in coma, and I did not know the reason. I had by now learned the trick of telling the unconscious Greek from the unconscious Turk. The good Muslim shaves his pubic hair, and always washes himself after sexual intercourse; the Greek orthodox follower usually wears a gold cross and chain. If a patient had no cross and chain but was dirty about the groin, with a rich growth of hair, I could not know, of course, if he was a bad Christian or a lapsed follower of Islam. This man was a good Turk. It soon became apparent that he was in diabetic coma; his urine was loaded with sugar and he was very dry. I started a fluid transfusion and a course of insulin to bring him out of the coma, and went downstairs.

In the main corridor was a most surprising sight. There were eight or nine of the prettiest night nurses, who should have been eating their midnight lunch, doing an involved Greek folk dance, dancing a syncopated circular movement, their skirts flouncing and their feet precisely pointing the delicate, exact steps of the *kalamatyanos*. Some male nurses were standing by the side clapping out the timing. The tapping feet, the skirts, the clapping, and the singing of the wild melody of the song made a weird, exciting spectacle in the half-lit shadows of the hall.

I stayed at a corner of the stairs watching. They could not see me, and the presence of a doctor might have embarrassed

them. The noise did not penetrate to the wards; they seemed to be doing no harm, so I left them at it.

This was followed by a *hasapiko*, another folk dance, and then by a handkerchief dance; two girls to a handkerchief, each holding one end and twisting and twirling underneath it.

They stopped, and then one of the girls—they were all Greek—did a funny parody of a Turkish dance. She was very clever at it. Very slowly she changed from parody to a very sexy, seductive dance, eyes half demure, half flashing, her body moving in slow voluptuous rolls broken by erotic wiggles. The others sang, or laughed, and beat time.

She was facing away from me all this time, dancing into the darkness. Peering into the gloom I suddenly made out what she was doing—dancing in front of the soldiers. The whole performance was designed for them. There they were, jammed up against the bars of their cage—the prisoners were behind yet another set of bars in a room leading off behind them—looking intently at the provocative performance laid on for their benefit.

At that moment it turned the hour, and the nurses broke up to go back to their duties. I went back to see my patient.

The following evening at midnight there was a mock drill parade laid on by the male nurses, with broomsticks for rifles, their white coats with the collars turned up making do for uniforms. The nurses took it in turns to conduct the drill parade. One orderly, who had been a soldier in the Cyprus Regiment, surprised the real guard by his ability to give perfect drill orders. Another, Petros, a small dapper fellow, amused them by his inability to get the section of nurses to maneuver to his will at all.

The next evening the girls were dancing for the troops again—this day a top EOKA killer was operated on for ap-

pendicitis. After his operation he went back to the detention ward behind the guard. As well as dancing for the guard, some of the girls were openly flirting with the soldiers, in whose eyes by this time could be seen, behind the bars, a light of the joy of anticipation.

Two nights after this Sister Joan was on night duty. She did the round of her wards and then visited the detainees. The sergeant of the guard unlocked the front gate to allow her into his compound, and then locked it again after her. Then he unlocked another gate at the rear which allowed Sister in to the prisoners themselves, and came in with her. Then he locked that gate. This was the only entrance to the prisoners' ward, and the two gates barring the way were never unlocked at the same time.

The sergeant was a dour man, whom the nurses had tried unsuccessfully to flirt with; but he had been very appreciative of their folk dances, as all the guard—soldiers of the East Surrey Regiment—had been. Sister Joan went into the prisoners' room to see that everything was well, that all were comfortably asleep, and that nobody was in pain. She took up her roster and looked at the names, then she said, "Sergeant, aren't there two missing?"

"No, I don't think so, miss. . . . Oh, Christ!"

In the far corner was a hole freshly made in the wall, leading through to the casualty room. The top terrorist, operated on for appendicitis only two days ago, with stitches still holding the wound together, and one other prisoner had escaped.

I met the sergeant later in the night. "I might bloody well have known," he said. "Singing and dancing and marching about, and prettying up to the lads. Where are the dancing girls tonight? And the drill boys in their smart white coats? It's enough to make a man lose faith." He sounded misan-

thropic, cynical, and depressed, for he knew he would be in trouble.

Sister Joan joined me with the patients' notes.

"I think you'd better sign these, doctor, down here: 'Discharged against medical advice.'"

That escape was beautifully planned and executed. The previous week, when the place had been purposely overcrowded with the malingerers, was the start. From the casualty ward next door to the prisoners' room they had worked at the wall, down in a corner by the floor. The prisoners' ward was inspected daily, but the "security" authorities had not thought of inspecting the adjacent room. By day the hole was covered with two wicker baskets and a screen. Once the malingerers had been discharged, someone inside the hospital must have enlarged the hole while the nurses made noise to cover the sound of excavation in the night.

The night of the escape the casualty ward was empty, except for one woman who was supposed to be insane; the lights were out so that she should not be disturbed. By the hole in the wall were two baskets, one with a few rags in it, and the other with clothes.

When the warder went to take his midnight meal the two men rolled quietly off their beds onto the floor, pushed down the wall (which was now only a thin layer of plaster) into the baskets of rags, deadening the sound, crawled through the hole, and changed into civilian clothes kept in the other basket.

Then they walked out of the casualty room (the mad-woman having now conveniently disappeared), out of the hospital—directly past the men who were meant to be guarding them. One of the prisoners must have been in

agony, holding his fresh appendix wound, as he tried to walk nonchalantly away.

The next day a senior officer of the East Surrey Regiment came to the hospital. I heard him talking to the sergeant.

"Anyone that enters the hospital carrying or wearing a gun, shoot him! Ask questions afterwards!"

The sergeant, a sensible man, said, "Yes, sir!" and did nothing of the kind. The only people who wore guns were British visitors. EOKA sent their weapons in the bottoms of laundry baskets; but the officer will be promoted, no doubt, for his ability to make decisions and give clear-cut orders, born to command.

A hospital is made to treat the sick and not to guard prisoners. During the war many men escaped via their stalag or oflag sick bay, and ours was just an ordinary hospital, not even a prison camp. Escapes were frequent; in a recent one a gun battle was fought in the hospital corridor when other EOKA men escaped, wounding and killing several passers-by.

A security officer for the hospital had a large empty room to our dingy office. More than two people in our office, crowded already with instruments, books, examining couches and medical machines, and the place was too full. Four doctors had, in fact, to work in there. We greatly envied the security officer all his vacant space next door, but quite understood that his job was more important.

After this escape the security system and orders were changed—they were changed after each escape, quite frequently.

First, the hole was filled up. Then the old rusty barbed wire around the prisoners' ward was changed for fresh shining new barbed wire; a fence was put up around that.



Then it was decided anyway to move the prisoners elsewhere.

A wooden hut on a concrete base was erected at the back of the hospital; three separate coils of new barbed wire surrounded it and a ten-foot-high fence; arc lights lit up the whole perimeter and guards on raised platforms faced inward to watch for any sign of escape. There were warders inside with the prisoners and soldiers outside, and two Cypriot male nurses to look after the sick men. There was only one exit, through the wire, with four separate gates. The keys for the two inside gates (one of which opened from within and one from without) were in the hands of the warders. The Army had the keys to the outer two gates, and again one gate opened from the inside and one from outside. Those from the stalags and oflags will recognize the scene, complete with warning bells and special field-telephone communications.

On the way in to see some prisoners who were my patients I asked one of the guards how long it would be before anyone escaped from the new place.

"From this lot, sir? Never!"

He was new to the job.

The prisoners were mainly young men, mostly fit. Two were priests, one an old rogue, but the other rather sinister. They were all Greek. Not all were criminals or EOKA; many were "unconvicted prisoners," that is, suspects detained without trial under the emergency powers, many of whom had done nothing at all. They used to joke with me, and I would often be able to give them cigarettes.

Soon after the new expensive compound opened, Sister Joan rang up the guard on the field telephone to inquire about their laundry.

"The two male nurses just took it out," he said.

When she went in she found one male orderly still inside,

but without his white coat, and a prisoner missing, having walked out, wearing the nurse's coat, carrying the bundle of laundry.

"Another one," said Sister Joan. "Sign, doctor, please. 'Discharged against medical advice.'"

## 16

At this time I left medicine and changed to surgery. In medicine I had been doing a full and eventually competent job, when I had learned the ropes and could take responsibility. In medicine the main difficulty is diagnosis—to find out what is wrong. Once that is known, the treatment is usually straightforward—not always simple, but straightforward. In surgery the diagnosis is usually easier; the main job is treatment and that means operation. Operations require experience; the new doctor has no experience, so he does no operations, a vicious circle.

The very first major operation I attended in Cyprus was that of a woman with a large lump in the upper part of her belly; it was on the right side under her ribs, looking like a pregnancy in the wrong place. I had just arrived in my new post as junior house surgeon and had not attended the lady before I saw her lying anesthetized on the operating table with the surgeon ready. I thought the lump a cancer, maybe starting elsewhere in the body, but finally reaching the liver.

The surgeons cut through the skin; tied off the little arteries that bled in the fat underneath, and clipped towels to the edges of the cut, so that all that showed of the patient was the hole they had made. They separated the muscles under the fat with the blunt end of a knife; cut the tough sheet of fiber under the muscles and then, gently, gently, cut the peritoneum. Below was the liver, moving up and down

with the breathing of the patient, and bulging out of the liver, toward us, showing up on its glistening brown, was a white knob like a ping-pong ball breaking through the liver from inside. The surgeons looked at each other and made Greek gestures with their eyebrows. The senior surgeon said, "Suction."

The sucker was brought up, something like a small vacuum cleaner, the nozzle was put near the ping-pong ball and the vacuum switched on. Then he lifted up the surface of the white knob, made a cut about half an inch long and swiftly pushed the nozzle of the suction machine in the cut. The machine started sucking and spluttering like an old kitchen tap, while a yellow-green fluid was inhaled into it. From out of the sides of the hole came more green fluid, and with it, sometimes the size of young dried peas, sometimes as large as nuts, came transparent colorless capsules like plastic—hundreds of the things. They looked revolting, bad science fiction, and even the smell, although not strong, had a perverted repulsive tinge. The senior surgeon turned to me and said: "Doctor, in Cyprus every lump is a hydatid cyst until and unless proved otherwise. This is hydatid."

I had heard of a hydatid when I was a medical student but had never seen one. In Cyprus it was one of the common diseases. Found mainly in sheep-farming countries, it is a horrid parasite that lives half its life as a tapeworm in the guts of dogs, usually sheepdogs, and through dirty habits and improper cooking may be eaten by human beings. Instead of remaining as a tapeworm in our intestines, which sounds unpleasant but would be relatively harmless, it forms a small cyst which burrows into blood vessels and is carried by the blood stream to all or any part of the body, usually the liver and brain. From the liver it may burst into the lungs, causing a dangerous pneumonia. The cyst may become as big as a football, its white greasy flesh full or half full of

watery fluid. From the white covering grow "daughter" cysts—the neat little plastic shampoo packets. A cyst may become infected when there develops a revolting mass of pus like this one, or it may remain sterile; then the only trouble may be due to its increasing size pressing on vessels and organs. Sometimes the patient may not know that he is ill, and think the lump is just fat, until it bursts on him.

After he had removed the pus, the surgeon gripped the sides of the white skin with forceps and pulled gently. Although only the area of a ping-pong ball was showing, it was a football-size thing that came out from where it was hidden away inside the liver. Without letting the fleshy covering break or tear he gradually attracted the whole of it and threw it into a bucket. Then, before sewing up the patient, he changed his gown and rubber gloves to prevent infecting the area again with any of the mess. The hole inside the liver was "closed" by sewing the sides together. The operation was perfectly performed. The parasite that had been living inside had been completely removed and the small hole in the belly wall was neatly closed up. After the lapse of a week the stitches would be removed, leaving only a small scar, and a few days later the lady would go home content. (She did.) Surgery at its best can have almost immediate and complete success. Medicine usually has results over a longer period of time.

Each week there were several operations on hydatid cysts. The surgeon had a long record of successful operations, based on years of experience of them. Although a general surgeon, he also had another kind of specialty—splenectomy in cases of Cooley's anemia.

Most people in the lands of television and films are far more accustomed by this time to the dramatics of surgery than I was. The most part of an operation is a very formal procedure in which everybody in the theater plays a precise

part as in a well-rehearsed play. Only the leading actor, the acting surgeon, is allowed to extemporize, although sometimes the second lead, the patient, without permission, does so too. The next patient was wheeled in and put on the table while we were changing gloves and gowns and the anesthetist was putting this patient to sleep with gas. Although all the surgeons except myself were Greek, in the theater conversation would be in English until the patient was unconscious. This one was breathing heavily when we came back.

Surgeon: "May I cut now?"

Anesthetist: "Yes, he is under."

"I am not and you may not!" said the patient, sitting up. "Please do not be impetuous." He taught English at a local school and sounded rather hurt. He would have been more so had he said nothing.

After dealing with him we went around the surgical wards with the sister. Although there were many patients, there was to be little for me to do except take a short account of what was wrong and then look at what each had to offer—a hernia, a lump, some piles, a gangrenous foot—or to feel for appendix, a gall bladder, or spleen; and to perform routine investigations. Every patient had to have his lungs and heart examined before operation; blood and urine sent to the laboratory; more blood to the transfusion service, and his blood pressure taken. Although there were many patients each week, this did not take up so much time, compared to the seventy- or eighty-hour week I used to spend on the medical wards.

Sister knew all those private things about her patients that a hospital doctor ought to know but never does: what the wife or husband was like; how poor was the patient; how far away was home; whether there was a daughter or friend to give care after the hospital had finished, and the two most important things—whether he or she is a "good" patient and

whether he or she is really ill. A well-trained nurse acquires a sixth sense about these things which is invaluable for doing her job properly and on which the doctor relies. When a good sister says, "I'm worried about him, doctor, I don't know why," you do not tell the sister that she is imagining things; you find out why.

At the end of the male surgical ward was a small room, with bars on the doors and policemen outside, for prisoners requiring surgical treatment. Sister Joan brought me up to one young man and said, "Doctor, this is my favorite patient." The young man was groping around the bed and paid no attention to us. His arms were bandaged. I asked her why he was the favorite.

"He never complains. He was making a bomb for EOKA that exploded and blew off his right arm at the elbow, his left hand at the wrist, and his right foot. It also blinded him; that's why he is paying no attention. He's only twenty-two. But he never complains at all and he *must* be in bad pain. Sometimes I hear him groaning but if he knows I'm here he stops; most patients complain more when a sister is about. His mother came yesterday to see him and started to cry, so he took her into his stumps to cuddle her; but he refused to let her cry for him, and won't let anybody else sympathize with him at all, or see that he is in pain."

The sister leaned over and whispered, "If there is such a thing as an EOKA hero, this is one—the only one, mind you: usually they are as cowardly as the rest."

A Cypriot nurse had joined us—we hoped that he had not heard the whisper—and said: "It is very sad, doctor. You see, he was not used to making bombs. He had made none before. It is very sad for this to happen, making your first bomb."

He will make no bombs again. Life can be tough.

From there into the children's ward, one of the most

pathetic and yet most hopeful places in the world. Most of the children that surgeons look after come to hospital because of burns, and we had a lot—scalding water burns, electric burns, boiling oil, fire, hot turpentine, even hot wine; burns over three quarters of the body, over the face, burns that blinded, burns that often killed; burns dry, wet, infected, superficial or deep. Nowadays the usual treatment is to keep the child lying naked in a cot, a cradle over the cot keeping the bedclothes off. The child lies in a kind of tunnel heated by electric lamps, so the burnt areas are kept dry but infection to a minimum. The arms and legs may be tied down to prevent moving or scratching, and the child lies there until after weeks and maybe months the scabs harden and skin grows underneath. If the skin will not grow, skin grafting from another part of the body has to be done. Often, with small children, there are few enough parts of the body to take any good skin from. To see a young child lying quiet month after month half covered with a thick brown crust all gnarled and corny, fitting the body like bark on an old tree—the face twisted tight, eyelids pulled down, and a lipless hole for a mouth—is heartbreaking. Most of the burns were due to the intercommunal warfare, Greeks and Turks setting fire to each other's houses.

Three children were about to have, or had had, their spleens removed for Cooley's anemia. One girl was unsuitable as the condition had reached a stage of severe heart failure before she came to hospital, and she was too ill to stand any operation. Despite good medical attention, she was getting worse and worse—it might have been better to let her die quickly. Next door to her was a little girl with, we suspected, tuberculosis of the hip. While I was looking at her the surgeon came up and joined me. He was not looking at her hip, but at her eyes, and suddenly said: "Look! Blue sclerotics." I looked. The white of the eye was indeed a bit



blue but it meant nothing to me. "Fragilitas ossium," he said. "Not t.b. at all. When the eyes are like this it probably means she has fragilitas ossium—the bones just break." It sounded like Dr. Watson playing at Sherlock Holmes, but nevertheless I found, by looking it up, that this was one of those peculiar medical facts which are quite true.

By the afternoon I had just about finished checking my new patients, so I went downstairs and saw, in the main hall of the hospital, my old friend the captain dithering about. He was in full dress—Sam Browne belt and several rows of ribbons with medals dangling from them. I offered to help him, as he seemed lost.

"Yes, I think you can," he said. "Can you lend me a Bible?"

I did not think I could. Did he want any special kind of Bible—New Testament, for instance, or Old?

"Well, I don't know really. New Testament sounds more like it, I expect."

"What do you want it for?"

"Well, I'm on a court-martial at Wolseley Barracks down the road and one of the witnesses is in here. I've been sent along to take evidence under oath, only I left the blasted Bible behind."

I offered to lend him the Gospel of St. John, which was all I had.

"Thanks very much, old boy, very kind. Er—does it *look* like a Bible?"

It did not; it was a small red pamphlet costing sixpence. His face fell. Then he said, "Well, have you got *anything* that looks like a Bible?"

Luckily at that moment someone arrived who could help him or that evidence under oath might have been sworn on a copy of Gray's *Anatomy*. While the Bible (New and Old) was being found for him he started telling me funny stories.

"You know the latest one about Pussy Foot, the Governor? It's about the Gov walking about Government House saying, 'I do know what my troops are doing, I *do* know what they're doing!' Good one, isn't it?"

He went upstairs to take his evidence. The sanity and levelheadedness of Sir Hugh Foot, his fixity of purpose in procuring peace, and his liberal humanity even before peace was attained were three of the most important factors in achieving any settlement of Cyprus at all and were resented by many military minds whose desires were sometimes violently, but impotently, opposed to his.

Upstairs I met an Australian surgeon outside the operating theater. I mentioned the captain's "funny" story; we got talking about the political situation.

"There are three ways," he said, "to clear up this island. First, buy the Archbishop—he's got his price. Secondly, hire a gunman from Chicago to kill him. The gunman has got a price too, I know one—£10,000 all found; he'd do Grivas for the same. Thirdly, bring in two battalions of Australians, one to be on duty for a week and the other off duty. The battalion on duty would deal with EOKA. The one off duty would repopulate the island with little Australian bastards. You would change the battalions after a week as the one *off* duty would need a rest. In a generation you'd have a real colony." Which, even so, was more constructive than bad jokes about the Governor.

The following week we had one of the most distressing things that can happen in a hospital. A patient who had been operated on died—not in the theater but a short time later in the ward. With modern anesthesia, blood transfusion, and good surgical technique this rarely happens now, but it does happen, even to quite healthy people. Obscure hemorrhage, a shock reaction, a sensitivity to anesthetics; any one may

be the cause. I examined lungs, heart, and blood pressures beforehand to prevent unfit people being operated on. This patient suddenly collapsed after leaving the theater. Sister rang a bell from the ward for a state of surgical emergency; we ran down in whatever state of dress or undress we were, the surgeons with their instruments and the anesthetist with his kit. Everything was done, the senior surgeon playing assistant to the junior anesthetist, with other doctors as errand boys, but the patient died. Minutes after the death, as nurses went away to other duties, the doctors were still at the bed trying to perform a miracle with "just one more injection," until all hope went and each drifted off, one at a time, and the anesthetist was left attempting impossible resuscitation of the truly dead.

Death distresses; one gets used to death in hospital—I hope not hardened—but when someone dies in this way it is particularly disturbing because each person possibly concerned blames himself and the reasoned confidence necessary for the good practice of surgery is lost. Until the post-mortem it is not known who, if anyone, is responsible—the surgeon for not tying an artery; the anesthetist for not having given the right amount of the right kind of anesthetic; the juniors for not having noticed something beforehand; the ward sister for letting the patient eat. Maybe an apple hidden under the pillow made an illegal breakfast which, being vomited under anesthetic, goes into the lungs; the theater sister worries about her swabs. Everyone is upset and depressed.

The rest of the operating list was postponed half an hour, then an hour, then people gave up pretending. It was put off until the following day. The following day, however, only minor cases were done—toenails, boils, and lumps in the skin—and the big ones put off until the following week. In

this particular instance it turned out nobody was responsible. It was one of those rare unfortunate things.

The following week one of the cases was an old man with a very bad chest and one gangrenous leg. His other leg had been amputated and it was necessary to amputate the remaining one quickly as the foul gangrene was spreading toward his thigh and might kill him if it went much farther. The difficulty was the bad chest, sounding to me like bath water in an old-fashioned plughole. Anesthetics depress the powers of respiration; with a chest like his an anesthetic could kill him, and after the previous week the surgeons did not want to take a chance. They decided to solve the dilemma by doing the operation without a general anesthetic.

Instead, the anesthetic would be ice. For hours the patient lay in bed with ice wrapped around his leg. As the circulation of blood from the leg was bad the rest of his body did not get cold. When the skin of the leg was completely numb from cold and the old man could feel nothing he was wheeled into the theater and the ice removed. He was completely conscious. We put a cloth on his eyes so he would not see what was happening (in case it might shock him), but he tore it off. We held him down by his arms and covered his eyes again. I had nothing to cover mine; it gave *me* quite a shock.

We pricked the skin with a needle. Numb. The surgeon took his scalpel, cut the skin around his thigh, in two rapid strokes, a clean circle. Then he cut into the fat. The patient felt nothing—I asked him. Underneath the fat was the raw beef and tendon of the leg muscles. The surgeon, sweating from tension, looked over at the patient and then, changing the grip on the knife from the delicate control of the fingers to a firm grasp of the fist, started to hack at the twitching muscle. The man jumped. "*Panayianinou iatre! Kyrie eleison! Iatre pono, pono poly!*" Then he started to scream. We held

his arms. There was nothing else to do. The surgeon held down the leg with one hand and sliced through the muscle with the other while the amputation stump on the man's other side jumped up and down in agony. In less than a minute the surgeon was down to the thigh-bone and pushing aside the cut flesh of the leg. The patient was still screaming.

It was dreadful. We were tense, exhausted, with the poor patient moaning. The surgeon looked at me. "I am not going to do the bone like that. We must have anesthetic. But give him very little because of the lungs. I will be as quick as I can."

I gave nitrous oxide gas and oxygen, which could do least harm. The surgeon had a surgical hacksaw poised on the bone and as soon as the patient was just unconscious he started vigorously to saw. Immediately he had got through the bone I removed the mask and the sewing up was done as the man was coming to. He had had as little as possible.

Not merely was the operation a success, but the patient survived. The next day he was sitting up in bed chattering, complaining that his tea was cold. He had no ill effects from the gas, his leg caused no trouble. Not merely did he have no pain, but he was no longer bothered about the previous day. Only the surgeon and I remembered the frightening sensation of cutting off the leg of a fully conscious man—vivisection—for a long long time.

After that I found routine surgery, although more and more interesting, less unpleasantly exciting. Wednesday and Thursday were the days for the set operations, the "cold" cases. "Hot" cases, the acute ones, were dealt with of course immediately any day or night of the week. "Cold" is a misleading term; it includes cancers, thyroid glands, hernias, prostates, kidney stones, gallbladders, stomachs, lungs, fistulas, hydatid cysts, spleens, and lumps anywhere in the body. "Hot" cases would mainly be cases of appendicitis, ob-

struction of the intestine, or bleeding ulcers. I found again—as I had found before when I had started medicine—that the training from the teaching hospital needs that experience, understanding, and confidence which cannot be taught, only acquired. I was surprised to find that, after all, one did know so much—stacked in the years, the books, the lectures, and dissections.

Tuesday and Friday outpatients; Saturdays minor operations. Afternoons and all Monday in the ward. Blood transfusion service duty; casualty duty; life was interesting and full. Social life in the evenings when patients were asleep and the night-duty doctor working, and several weekends off. It was easier work than medicine.

## 17

After many months I was gaining confidence in my work—I was graduating from a medical student into a doctor as the apprenticeship bore fruit. I could deal by myself with most of the usual diseases or emergencies, but knew still when to call in a more experienced man. Even then I could attend properly to a patient while waiting for a consultant, attempt a reasonable diagnosis, and be of use. Although I was working with the surgeons, I used to visit Dr. Gillespie and help out from time to time in the medical wards. Sister Joan at last treated me as a doctor (albeit a very junior one), and as her assessment usually was sensible, her esteem was valued.

One hot and tiring Saturday morning I was called by the bugbear telephone.

“Doc, when do you finish working?”

I looked at my watch. “In half an hour.”

“We’re going to Paphos, now. Would you like to come?”

Paphos! The birthplace of Venus, where she came ashore, shell-borne from the sea. I had never made my pilgrimage to the home of the Goddess of Love. The Greeks called her Aphrodite, the Romans called her Venus, the ancient world went there in pilgrimages en masse to pay its respects, ending up with a not-very-ritual orgy on the beach. St. Paul visited Cyprus and is understood to have disapproved of the pilgrimages, but maybe that was because by his time the crowds who went to Paphos—and these celebrations became

increasingly popular—had fallen into the habit of having the orgies first, and of often not bothering to invoke the goddess at all. There was a set form of invoking Aphrodite, an ode which had to be recited, and something to do with vestal virgins—or was that only in Rome?

“Hey, doc! You still there? Are you coming?”

“Yes—hold everything—I’m on the way.”

The land going westward out of Nicosia is at first dry and flat, barren enough in summer with only a crop of ugly regimented army tents, offering a closed-in and uncomfortable sweaty shade from the sun and little else. When the winter came the land was converted into an insalubrious and dangerous quagmire, while many tents were not effective against cold and the rain.

After some miles of khaki desolation the camps gave way to open land and villages of comely whitewashed houses clustered, like chickens under a hen, around an old Byzantine church, a dome of squirlygig tiles surmounted by a gold cross gleaming in the sun. The road passed orange and lemon orchards and groves of olives, under long arches of dusty banana trees whose stunted tops seemed out of scale on the long savage trunks. To the south a caravan of camels laden to the hump looked like a bad old-fashioned woodcut as they ambled over the horizon of open fields where bronze earth turned by the plow showed red lines of furrows alternating with black in the shadow of the sun.

After an hour’s driving we arrived at the coast, where deposit from the copper mines turns the color of the sea to rust. The name “Cyprus” comes from copper, or maybe the other way round (the Latin is *cyprum*), just as chalk comes from Crete.

The mines are largely in the control of Americans; and as dynamite stolen from them provided a large part of EOKA



ammunition, the area is not very useful to Britain. We had a simple lunch at Morphou, watched by the villagers, who were both suspicious and hospitable. We found the reason: "English do not go about unarmed unless they are up to trouble." Then after Morphou we went past the ancient palace of Vouni, on along the borders of the bay to Polis.

Polis was the first stop of the pilgrimage proper because Aphrodite, having left the sea at Paphos and her hair tended by the three graces on Mount Olympus, near Troodos, had come here to the Fontana Amorosa, the baths of Aphrodite, for fresh water to wash the sea from her body before she went to her lover.

We had to leave the main road and take a gravel causeway for some miles; then on to rough earth and finally to a track where the car had to be abandoned. We took with us from the car some empty flagons, for it is said that whosoever drinks of, or bathes in, the waters of the Fontana Amorosa is guaranteed soon to fall passionately in love. There is also near the baths a spring the water from which is a powerful antidote to love; we were not concerned about collecting any of that.

Humming enormous flagons, for we had to draw enough love potion to satisfy not merely ourselves but many, many friends, we trudged up and along this beaten hilly track through a wood of well-spaced trees, by the side of a gently sloping aqueduct of low flat stones carrying a small stream, whose tinkling mingled with that of sheep bells in a nearby meadow. A boy with wild sleepy eyes and tattered clothes appeared from nowhere, leaning lost and motionless against the bark of a carob tree, merging with the landscape. He stood silently looking at us for a while, before he leaped like a mountain goat and ran away to disappear like a chameleon into the face of the hill.

The hills and valleys here sloped down to the shores while

before and behind us cliffs dropped sudden and vertical to the sea. The path through the wood gave way to flagstone steps down into a gorge from which rose a thick undergrowth of plants more exotic than one finds elsewhere in the island. We walked down the steps in the steamy luxuriance and, quite suddenly on turning a corner, faced Aphrodite's cave.

No bigger than a living room, it was a deep hole in the rock, formed of the roots of trees growing upward, branches growing down, and gnarled stalactites from the cavern roof covered with moss and lichen. The opening faced the sea; the base is a fresh pool of pure cold water replenished by a small cascade from the glistening walls and roof.

Nearby a pipe of interlocking bamboo leads waters from the spring—the aphrodisiac antidote.

We stripped and entered the cold water, speaking in whispers and low voices. The place had a sacred and almost magical quality. A fig tree's long entwined branch climbing over the cave with "ZETO EOKA" carved on it did not in any way diminish the magic. The Pan boy had appeared again and was standing still against a tree, watching us; he had pipes with him this time and was quietly playing slow simple notes of some local melody. It was easy to feel the thrill of the ancient religions—this place was for goddesses and demigods, the woods for nymphs, sylphs and centaurs—and difficult to imagine the Christian God in such a setting.

After drying in the sun we filled the flagons with water from the pool (not from the inhibiting spring) and took off again along the road to Paphos. We noticed a milestone and stopped to see how far we had to go. On the milestone was written "ZETO EOKA" and "ENOSIS." Underneath was inscribed "HOME RULE FOR WALES." By the stone a lorry was drawn up full of grapes. I filled my arms with the bunches of grapes and asked the driver the price. He eyed

my load professionally, took two more bunches from the lorry and put them on top of mine, then charged me three-pence. We let the grapes lie in a stream coming down from the mountains where they were washed and became ice cold, and took them with us to Stroumbi village to eat with the local wine.

Sundown was approaching. We hurried to Paphos. I had forgotten to obtain one of the many odes and began feverishly to write, as we approached the Rock of the Aphrodite, the Mons Veneris. As we pulled up and jumped out of the car the sun was moving close to the sea. Reverently but hastily we took off our clothes and swam in the green warm frothy water, then came out and climbed, dripping, up to the top of the symbolical cone of rock, about 100 feet high and 100 yards from the main road. Stark-naked, facing out to sea, as the bottom rim of the sun touched the horizon and began to disappear, I started to recite this ode:

Aphrodite! Votively we call on you  
Who here in from the warm and pliant  
This unrefreshing sea—then before  
From who knows where, what galaxy,  
What unknown sky or air—  
Ashore, borne by the winds,  
And wild-wave water borne  
Came to this earth-bound earth.  
Goddess! Divinity! and Queen!  
We come in homage to the Cyprian.  
Regard our honesty, our humbleness;  
Unknowing the sure forms of ancient rites  
Cleansed and fresh from the spring where once you bathed  
From Polis we come; and there we drunk of it.  
We call on you, and call our Royal mistress

Beseech thee, Aphrodite, whom we honor  
Do favor our affairs as were your own.

As the ode finished, the very top edge of the sun disappeared beneath the sea.

We waited.

There was a green flash as the sun went out signaling the precise end of day and the hues of the world changed suddenly like a shiver. We did not expect Aphrodite to appear à la Botticelli—too much to ask—but the atmosphere demanded something, a message, an answer, a sign, some Metro-Goldwyn moan to come across the waves.

Instead, we heard tires squealing and horn hoots. Outlined naked, lean and bearded against the sunset sky I was an upsetting danger to the main road traffic and climbed down the rock, a bit disappointed. Just as we were stepping off the rock onto the beach, our third companion cried, "Look!" pointing in the other direction. As the sun had timed perfectly the going down in the west, so now over the brow of a hill the moon appeared, became full, and rose gracefully into the eastern sky.

Next day we paid more formal respects to the goddess at her temple in Paphos. Her symbol is the dove: the white and cream marble of the temple, with this symbol carved on it, is also a fluttering cote of doves, but most of the temple and the old city of Paphos has gone. The ancient marbles and stones have been used higgledy-piggledy with chunks of column to make a small, local, ugly but orthodox church, and only what is left of Aphrodite's city suggests the grace and the beauty of what was once one of the fine cities of the ancient world.

I am still waiting for Aphrodite to do her bit. We swam in the bath, drank of the spring, invoked her from the sea, and

paid respects at the temple. The rising of the moon was a sure sign that she acknowledged us, but as yet no more than a sign.

You can invoke but never rush the gods—maybe that ode was not quite good enough.

## 18

At Christmastime even the Muslim Turks assisted the Christian Greeks in making the hospital gay with colored paper and balloons. Small gifts were exchanged between races whose antagonism a few weeks before had seemed implacable; for the Muslim recognizes Christ as a prophet comparable with, although not quite up to the standard of, Mahomet, and is prepared to assist in the Christian festival.

While I was doing some routine work in the surgical ward Andreas called me.

"Doctor, it is your friend the boy Charalambros Kyprou. He is casualty, doctor, not good at all."

"Where?"

"Male medical. The same bed. His sister bring him to the hospital."

I hurried down to the ward where Charalambros' bed used to be. He was indeed in a bad way. His face was a slate-gray color, puffy and drawn. His eyes were looking upward and inward and he was practically unconscious from breathlessness—far too occupied trying to breathe to talk or even cry. His little body was just a small one-stroke engine with all its powers bent on breathing.

His mother could not come with him as she was back in the village looking after the rest of the family. The sister had to go away—she was married and had her own children to care for. Before she left I asked her why they had not brought him back before now instead of letting him de-

teriorate like this; I should have known the answer; they were poor and the village was far away.

His belly was swollen with fluid, his legs and face were puffy; the chest sounded like a wooden rattle being shaken at a football game; the enlarged heart had a galloping rhythm and was making ominous noises.

He stayed in the same ward that he had been in before, but all the other patients had changed and did not know him; they were busy putting up decorations for Christmas. I gave him blood and oxygen, digoxin and aminophylline, everything I could think of. Andreas came over and said: "He is going to die, doctor. Leave him, do not worry."

Charalambros Kyprou, aged thirteen, died of anemic heart failure that evening, toward midnight on Christmas Eve. There was nobody there with him but me, and I expect I should have been doing something more useful. He had not recognized me since he arrived in the hospital, and later on did not know that anyone was with him at all. The rest of the world was about its own affairs.

I laid out his body to be taken away. There was none of that peaceful smile of death on his face; it looked the same as it had for the last few hours, nostrils flared, jaws drawn and pinched in the gasp for breath. I knelt down beside his bed, and said a prayer to that Potter whose hand seems so often to slip. There was in the background the noise of Yuletide festivities; the screens around his bed were decorated with tinsel and silver stars, there was even a Christmas tree at the end of the ward. From down below in their Nissen hut the soldiers guarding the hospital had drunk themselves to sentiment and were singing carols. It was no more than coincidence that they finished the half-remembered words of "Noël, Noël," as the porters came to take the cold and stiffening, uglified, pathetic little body of Charalambros away.

## 19

In the British Military Hospital there was a doctor doing National Service who had the same surname as myself. I met him a few times; we discovered (to our mutual satisfaction) we had no relatives in common.

One night when this doctor was on duty he was asked to visit the central prison. Two EOKA men were due for trial and he had to examine them for marks and bruises so that, should their lawyer say they had been tortured or beaten, the facts, as witnessed by the doctor, could be put before the court. (All EOKA were under orders to swear in court that they had been tortured by the British.) He examined them.

Their lawyer duly stated that his clients had been tortured. The doctor was called and said that he had seen some scars and bruise marks but that these were not recent and must have been caused before the men were caught. The Cypriots were found guilty of murder and sentenced to death, for they had murdered an old man asleep in his bed with his wife. EOKA, of course, considered the old man a traitor.

A few weeks after this I went late one afternoon to look around my patients in the ward. There they were—long white mustaches on the old men, clipped black on the young boys. There was the old glint, that amused wicked gleam in those weather-beaten eyes, no carnations now behind the ears or in the teeth or being twiddled in the fingers, for it



was not the season. I listened in to the chests of those detailed for next day's operating list, made the daily round of the others to see how they were getting on, and had a few words of chat with those who were special friends or amusing rogues.

Then the familiar call. "Telephone for you, doctor." The office was empty when I went in. I picked up the receiver and announced myself. A voice at the other end started speaking very quickly. I cannot remember the exact words.

"You lied in the trial of two Cypriots since some weeks. It is ordered that you should be killed. Unless you say within two days that you lied, you will be killed."

I did not even know what he was talking about. Before I could say anything the telephone was down. I rang the operator. There was no reply. I ran down to the hospital exchange. Nobody was there. I found one of the operators outside, just coming from the toilet. He knew of no call for me and said he had just come on duty. Maybe the other operator would know. While somebody looked for the man who had just gone off duty I rang through to the post office central exchange. The Cypriots there said they knew of no telephone call to the hospital in the last ten minutes. When we found the other operator, he knew of no telephone call for me either. Nobody, as always, knew a thing.

Too many people I knew had died and I was very vulnerable—no barbed wire around my room, no car, working with Cypriots. If he was given his orders, I expect that anyone in the hospital would have done it, with or without regret, but would have killed me all the same. Was it a hoax? Was it worth while trying to call a possible bluff in this case?

I rang up a police acquaintance who put me on to a "person in authority."

"Well, old chap, you can risk it if you like. We can give you 'protection' if you want, but you wouldn't be able to

carry on at the hospital—even so I don't really think we would be very much use."

"Well?"

"Get out, chum. That's what I'd do. Nobody will thank you or benefit if you get killed. You'll get your name in the newspapers, but *you* won't be reading about it. You'll be a nuisance and a couple of days after you're dead even your best friends will only think of it as something that might have happened to them. Death does not matter in Cyprus any longer. Get out of the stinking place."

It was evening. I walked back to my room in the darkness which, although wintertime, was not really cold. Going past the big spreading tree by the hospital coffeeshop a voice called out, "*Kalispera sas, iatre* (Good evening, doctor)."

Outside the closed shop, sitting on chairs in the gloaming, were the two telephone operators, Andreas, the blind one, and another, a cripple. They were alone.

"Did you find out about your telephone message, doctor?" asked the cripple.

"No—at least not yet."

I sat down beside them, both deformed from birth—rejects from the human mass production line; set apart from and awkward with their rumbustious lusty fellows, keeping each other company from loneliness in the dark. The cripple had a leg about six inches long on one side, and no leg at all on the other; his right hand was shaped like a trowel. He was a gentle, kind person. We sat in silence for a time.

"It is a beautiful night, doctor," said the cripple at last. "I like to be sitting here."

"I like this too," said Andreas.

"But, then, always Cyprus is beautiful. I like it very much. Do you not like the sky in the night we have in Cyprus?" said the cripple.

I replied, "I do—but don't you want, like Andreas does, to go to elsewhere sometimes—to see other skies?"

"Oh, no, doctor. I love my island. I want always to be here, I do not want to go ever to the other places. I would not be happy if I were not in Cyprus. Do you not think so?"

Andreas was tapping with his white stick on the ground and staring with his sightless eyes at the heavens; the cripple was looking at me, his eyes pleading for me to acknowledge the beauty of his country. The lonely pair, for a time, epitomized the misfortune of and the best in all their people.

"It is beautiful," I said. "I am sorry to leave it."

"Oh, no, doctor! You are not going away?"

"I have to."

"Why are you going?"

"For a beautiful, beautiful girl! What do you think!"

"When do you go, doctor?"

"I don't know." When would I go? It would have to be quickly. "Tomorrow." I stood up to leave them. "You certainly are lucky," I said to the pair of them. "Good-by until we meet again."

"*Addio, iatre* (To God), doctor."

"*Eucharisto*."

Friends came to help me pack and finish off my wine. Vasos, Haluk Avni, Dr. Gillespie, Demetrakis, Ahmet Hussein, Sister Joan and many others; English, Armenian, Turkish, Greek, some of undecided race, most of whom were drunk and happy when I left to catch the plane.

. . . . .

In London people said, "We haven't seen you for *weeks*."

"I've been away—in fact, a year or so."

"Oh, really, have you?—Interesting? Exciting?"

"I've just come back from Cyprus."

"Oh! Cyprus! How *awful*! What an awful *bore*!"

## 20

"You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus."

This quotation from *Othello* greets the arriving traveler, who usually does not think of it again until he leaves. One soldier put it to me, "You're welcome, sir, to Cyprus—welcome to the whole flaming lot!"

What went wrong? What is going to happen now? And what difference does it make?

Taking the last question first, the fate of Cyprus *does* make a lot of difference. First, the Middle East. Cyprus could be regarded as the center of the Middle East, with North Africa, Egypt, the Levant, and the Balkans encircling Cyprus as center. The West has in that part of the world friends, half-friends, and potential enemies and never knows when it may be called to aid a friend or to forestall a foe. Furthermore, we cannot know now who will be friendly in ten years' time, and we have interests, commercial, marine and strategic, in that area.

Secondly, Cyprus is one of our nearest bases to Russia. As long as Russia behaves in a hostile manner, it were better to have a near base. We do not know how the next war will be conducted or who will be the enemy—a base in the Middle East may not be necessary, but it may well be.

Cyprus can no longer be considered a stable or useful base for military purposes. Britain retains two areas of land, Dhekelia and Akrotiri-Episkopi, each small enough to be

obliterated entirely by one "tactical" nuclear bomb and both well marked on the map; these are the only places in which we shall be allowed to have forces. The island may find it politically convenient to be hostile to us again—not to supply workmen, food and water, or to sabotage the bases. As a useful military position in case of engagement in the Middle East, Cyprus is just not secure.

There is a difference for the whole Commonwealth. Britain was doing quite good work in Cyprus in recent years. This will be undone. The island is only likely to remain in the Commonwealth as long as it suits Makarios, which will in itself be a loss both to the Commonwealth and to Cyprus.

Furthermore, the government has given way to terrorism; that is, terror tactics, exercised by a minority, against both the majority of their own countrymen and the British government, have been shown to succeed. Remember that this was not an uprising by a nation against an oppressor, a fact which every Cypriot knows; it was a Mafia-like vendetta by a fascist gang of murderers who managed to gain the support only of the toughs and the young. It is not merely that our inability to deal with the situation demonstrated that the same now can happen anywhere; but the fact that it *did* happen is an incentive to the aggressive, the unstable, the power seekers elsewhere to form their own terror groups for any purpose they like.

And last, but by no means least, it makes a difference to the people of Cyprus themselves. They were starting to get at last some benefits from the British administration, which, combined with the natural delights of the Mediterranean, would have made the island a small paradise. Now, with the removal of British rule, the natural drawbacks of the Mediterranean will operate: inefficiency, graft and greed in high places; nepotism and ultimate lawlessness. There will be economic loss due to the removal of British consumers. No

one will control the gangs; the poor will suffer most, for no one will guard them except, maybe, the Communists. There will be another civil war—already people are preparing for it. Eventually Cyprus will revert to her traditional place, that of being the prize of the most powerful, but the next power to subject Cyprus will not be as benevolent as the British, not in a thousand years. The island is too obvious a prize not to be taken.

So it is not sufficient to say “What difference does it make?” The change in Cyprus does make a lot of difference in principle as well as in practice. Having decided that it is important, the next question is “What went wrong?”

It was firstly a military failure. Cyprus undoubtedly became a military operation, and certainly cannot be called a military success. Furthermore, it is not enough to say that the Army did as well as it could under the circumstances, because the circumstances were precisely what the Army was there to deal with.

What could the Army have done? It could perhaps have used the German method, mass reprisal, and cause more terror than EOKA. This method of punishing the innocent for the crimes of the guilty is obnoxious and we refrained (on all but two occasions, neither of which was authorized).

It could have used the French method in Algiers: arrest the intelligent; being intelligent, they must know *something*; torture with testicular electrodes; information gained can be pieced together. This produced in Algiers an efficient information system.

Torture of any kind, organized like this or sporadic, of guilty no more than of innocent, is distasteful to the British mentality. We did not torture, I think. These things are contrary to humanity and justice (but so was EOKA); in order to maintain over-all humanity, justice often becomes rough.

There was little actual torture; there were unofficial beatings-up, inevitable, not advocated.

It is a fact that in modern times no guerrilla movement has been beaten by conventional forces, and the peacetime British Army, if not a force, is certainly conventional. There were in 1958 an estimated 37,000 troops on the island hunting for a handful of men. The leader of these men, George Grivas, was known by his photograph; his face was as memorable and recognizable as that of Groucho Marx—yet for four years this brave, yet despicable, figure escaped the cordons and searches which, we were so often told, were always about to close in on him.

Two EOKA terrorists were tracked down to a hideout; they were known to be lying in a certain small covered hole in the ground. A large operation was mounted, carefully coordinated and timed by the high brass. Troops advanced on the hole in the ground from three sides. At the right instant more men were brought from the sea in landing craft, and the four sides of the square narrowed down on the hole. To cap it, at the last moment, yet more descended on top of the hole by helicopter. The operation was as tactically perfect as was, one might say, Suez.

Murderers or not, and even while wanting their capture, one cannot help feeling some sympathy for the two human beings trapped in their little hole while the mass and organization of a modern army closed on them from every direction.

Two marines advancing from one side were accidentally killed by their own forces coming from the other; a commanding officer, getting out of the helicopter, sprained his ankle badly; the two EOKA men escaped.

Guerrilla movements can be fought only by similar tactics. During the war we demonstrated we were good at this kind of fighting; but then it was mostly the job of amateur sol-

diers, now demobilized. In Cyprus late in 1958 some stumbling initial attempts were made to try guerrilla methods. For instance, instead of searching a village or hideout with a uniformed platoon (which could scare suspects away long before the troops arrived), some units in the mountains tried advancing by stealth. The soldiers were put on donkeys and wore *vrakas*, the black voluminous knee-length Turkish trousers, held up by cords and cummerbunds, issued from the quartermaster's stores. I passed a section of these troops riding up the left-hand side of the road *in military file*; the corporal at the rear had a little ginger mustache; they were ridiculously conspicuous, but it was a start, years too late.

Kyrenia is a pretty town, a picturesque, colorful Mediterranean port, the daintiness of which is set off by the massive turreted bulk of a castle which dominates the harbor. The castle, used both as a prison and an army barracks, was said to be impregnable, the walls unscalable. It was guarded from boiling-tar turrets, from old bow-and-arrow windows, by constant guards who had orders to shoot on sight any unauthorized person who tried to enter. The perfect prison.

A friend of mine had a hobby; he liked to put to the test ideas of perfection. One day he wandered casually around the castle inspecting the outside and found a place where he could both climb in and be hidden while doing so. He bought himself a piece of chalk and some Greek newspapers; then went to the castle, climbed in and walked around it leaving the newspapers about and writing EOKA slogans on the walls. This was during the troubles when Field Marshal Harding was governor.

On the way out of the castle, on top of the wall, he heard, or thought he heard, strange shouted commands and the noise of trumpets; not bugles but *trumpets*. Looking down over the parapet he saw, or thought he saw, down in the square



below, cohorts and squadrons of ancient Greek and Roman legionaries and soldiers dressed in togas, sandals and helmets, some armed with tridents and spears; a horse carried an old gentleman whose long green hair bore an encrusted coronet and whose bronzed torso was clad in a dainty loincloth. Following him was a group of disheveled figures in chains, and a blond stripling with Panpipes from which, although he was blowing hard, came no audible sound.

On top of the battlements the sun was beating down on the back of Bill's neck. He had a moment when he doubted his eyesight or his sanity. Sunstroke? Alcoholic delusion? Or a genuine experience in which the time machine had got out of gear and he had been transported back two thousand years? The possibility of this was dispelled by a voice in English bellowing from the fantasy below—

“Go on! Get back, you horrible lot! You ain't left room for the bleedin' vestal virgins!”

Bill found himself in a difficulty. He was in a position to make a statement of the kind that he himself would like to have tested—a statement of the perfectly ridiculous. He needed some proof, but he had no camera. He carefully clumped down the precipitous 100-foot wall with the help of the tall tree to give him cover, and dodged through the bushes at the bottom until he was well out of sight. Back in the town he joined some Cypriots sitting drinking coffee in the sun; some were journalists and two of them either worked for or belonged to EOKA. He said nothing about this peculiar experience, but stayed talking politics and listening to double-talk about some new murders until the evening. Then he went to the bars used by the soldiers.

In every bar it was the same story. They were very bitter. “Pansying about dressed like a lot of useless twits, flogging up and down that ruddy square in skirts. Flaming fed up I am, really I am. As for those vested virgins!”

It had been decided to delight the inhabitants of the town and visitors from Government House with a Pageant of Cyprus, with special musical arrangements being set by the regimental bandmaster. Richard the Lion Heart, SS. Barnabas, Nicholas and Paul, Queen Berengaria, Othello, and other notables of Cyprus history had pieces written for them against an appropriate musical setting, although the contemporary notables, Makarios and Grivas, were not represented at all.

*People were being killed at this time in the island; revolution was brewing, the fate of part of the Commonwealth was being organized.*

The young National Service man who did not want to be called up, did not want to go to Cyprus, and when he got there was caustically critical of what was happening, is not to be held to blame for the Army he was in. The conditions under which he lived were in most cases appalling; he was likely to be shot, bombed, or mined at any time out of camp and sometimes inside; he was worked extremely hard, often beyond the extremes; and at the same time had to present the appearance of a peacetime barracks soldier. It was not his fault: where was the Army wrong?

The fault lies partly in the whole theory and system of a peacetime army which may or may not be a necessary evil, a sort of voluptuous parasite, and partly in its middle-grade professional men. The Army offers a secure, noncompetitive, easy life to its professionals. It assumes a social superiority (in its officers' messes) for no logical reason, that is if there can be in such assumed superiority a logical reason at all. The psychological reason is to maintain "morale," a high state of which is considered necessary; or the real reason may be to compensate by the appearance of superiority for the actuality of often not even attempting to use intelligence.

Cyprus was a place where it was necessary at least to attempt to be intelligent.

This does not apply to all officers. There were some officers—about half a dozen—I knew that gave the appearance of purpose welding intelligence to common sense. I did not meet all the Army on the island; there may have been one or two more with these qualities, but, after all, it is hardly to be expected.

Most of them were, and admitted they were, playing for time and playing about. They changed jobs every two years or so. Nor merely would there be no continuity in a given position, nor could a man really learn his job in the time, but he was usually uninterested in what he was doing. A young man does not join the Army to be a battalion signals officer, weapon training instructor, administrator, commissioned clerk, A.D.C., company commander—all of which he may be, one after another; he joins for male company, security, cheap drink, travel, and sport. Add to that the disadvantages of any bureaucracy; the necessity of keeping a job, and of getting more junior staff under you to make the job more important with consequent increase in rank, prestige, salary, security; the multiplication of officials and their orders actually lessening the amount of useful work done.

Not merely will anyone who has served in the forces recognize this picture, but it has been admitted time and time again by the very officers themselves. And these men, whilst laughing at the system, were partly responsible for its failure.

Then there were the internal nonmilitary failures. These were partly laziness in the past, partly the British colonial attitude, and partly contemporary incompetence.

Since the time we took over the island from the Turks in 1878 England had done very little for Cyprus until a few years ago. Roads, social services, standards of living were

bad, mainly because Cyprus was regarded as a backwater for not-very-successful Colonial Office officials and governors to spend their last years of office in—from which and in which eventually to retire. In recent years there has been a great improvement. There are now six good roads; the mountains have been expertly forested by an enthusiastic department—in 1957 over £1,000,000 on agriculture alone was spent; scholarships are awarded to England; schools and a technical college have been built—although the technical college, the biggest building on the island, had nearly no pupils because Greek Cypriots refused to attend it. The hospital itself was a good modern hospital, approximating as closely as it could to the high standard of British teaching hospitals—at which the best of all the younger men had been trained, again on government scholarships. Standards, everywhere starting to improve, were halted by the emergency and will probably lapse completely as Britain goes.

Cypriots say the improvement was due to the government's being goaded into action by the civil unrest, but an English commissioner, who has been a long time in Cyprus, who loves the island and is a shrewd judge of it, told me a different story. Until recently there just was not money for improvements, because the Cypriots, understandably, would not pay taxes. They could not be accurately assessed for tax purposes as they did not keep account books, with the excuse that they could not read. Eventually in 1948 an old retired tax collector went to Cyprus and the government asked him how to deal with this problem. "It's easy," he said; "just walk down the street. When you see a man, roughly estimate what he is worth—£500 a year, £5,000 a year—whatever it is. Just a very rough guess. Then charge him income tax on *three times* that amount. He'll produce books as quickly as rabbits reproduce!"

They did. It worked. As fast as rabbits multiply, Cypriots learned to add.

The commissioner who told me this had an equally effective attitude toward his own job. One Turkish National Youth Day a large demonstration was expected at Ataturk Square in Turkeytown. Dr. Kutchuk, the Turkish-Cypriot political leader, was expected to deliver an inflammatory harangue from on top of the Marble Arch of Nicosia, Kyrenia Gate. These speeches often caused trouble, demonstrations, riots, and deaths. The British commissioner rang up Kutchuk after lunch, proposed a cup of coffee, and then spent the rest of the afternoon playing chess with the Turkish leader, playing with such controlled skill that neither had lost outright, won, nor stalemated until the time of danger was well over. The congratulations of Drake could be imagined—all the way from Plymouth Hoe. This understanding attitude, however, was not typical of all his colleagues. (I never found out how the game finished in the end.)

Apart from not developing the island until recently, we had given the Cypriots little to be proud of. The British tended to form a clique which Cypriots might mix in but never belong to; as the British had the prestige, there was no social status, which means stability, for Cyprus except that based on money. Britain is a country which means well and has so much to offer, yet we have lost a whole empire, starting with the American colonies, for the wrong reason, the reason not being that we are tyrants (the British are not) but because of that cliquishness and standoffishness—I do not know the causes—which is so resented everywhere.

Put two Englishmen together at the North Pole and the first thing they will do is to form a club, to which Eskimos may be admitted on guest nights. This produces exclusion; exclusion somehow breeds social desirability. It is one of the simplest formulae in the world. It always works; until

there comes a stage when those Eskimos left outside muttering in the cold simply melt down the English igloo, and nobody understands why. Spluttered roars of anguished incomprehension come from under the collapsing ice with the cry of ultimate disillusionment—"This is gratitude!"

Mediterranean folk love honors. O.B.E.'s, M.B.E.'s, and similar decorations are in England appended in very fine print as something embarrassing. In Cyprus these initials are often written in letters twice as high as the owner's name. It is a bit late now, but some distribution of honors on the same scale as in England (whether such things have any merit or not) would have helped to make a stable social system. There are three Cypriot knights—Sir Panayiotis Cacoyannis (father of Michael, the Greek film producer), Sir Paul Pavlides, and Sir Munir Bey. There are no others and no Cypriot has been decorated with anything more socially august than a knighthood—which is not inheritable. The right wing might object to Cypriot's being given titles at all; the left may just object to titles, but if started years ago this could have helped to bind Cyprus to England, upon whom prestige would have been dependent. A special order could have been created, say, the Knights of Cyprus; or even the Knights of Venus, with bar, garter, and bath.

Another most important example of the lack of interest, the mental laziness about Cyprus, has been mentioned by Penelope Tremayne in *Below the Tide*. When we took over the island eighty years ago we let both Turkish and Greek remain as alternative official languages to English. From this small, unnecessary but liberal beginning it may be that the present trouble has stemmed. Before then the Cypriots had always considered themselves as Cypriots, albeit speaking a Greek dialect and with a somewhat similar religion to Greek Orthodox Christianity, for never in its history had Cyprus had more than a transient liaison with Greece itself.

Our laziness was this: as Britain could not be bothered to print schoolbooks in modern Greek, these were imported from mainland Greece: not just arithmetic, but history, literature, poetry, geography, the lot. Greek-speaking Cypriot children, from infancy until leaving school, through their impressionable years, read about Greece "the motherland"; about heroic wars against Turks; the nobility of dying for the liberty of Greece. Their poetry was the poetry of modern Greece praising Greek ways of life, tastes, as did the songs and nursery rhymes. The cleverer students would go to university in Athens and, having been seduced by that gay city as London never can seduce, would return as teachers and propagandists of the Hellenic dream to reinforce the textbooks of a new generation. Out of this grew the demand for ENOSIS; out of that and the ambitions of Makarios came a civil war and catastrophe.

So, there was incompetence in the past.

Present incompetence was different; the main element was a failure to put the British point of view—a failure of propaganda—both internally to the island and outside it.

In the island there were several Greek language newspapers and several in Turkish. There were two English papers. One of these, the *Cyprus Mail*, once belonged to the British Council, which had to sell for financial reasons. It was bought by a Greek Cypriot, Jacovides, who as a Cypriot was bound to be subject to pressure from EOKA. His paper was, under the circumstances, very fair. It was not pro-British, it was not even properly balanced, but it was not as hostile as it could have been.

The other paper was better popular journalism, but both were often hostile to the government, and there was no attempt by the government to publicize in print day-to-day events and opinions at all, in English or Greek or Turkish.

The Public Information Office issued a weekly pamphlet

(free to all government departments) about pastoral Cyprus, with pictures of potters, farmers, and Cypriot maidens. No politics.

The radio was the only government day-to-day voice. The small news staff at the radio station was keen and efficient, knew its job and its importance. Genuine bitterness set in at being hamstrung by officialdom—at being allowed only to broadcast that local news received from “official” sources, both of which were mainly staffed by unqualified amateurs. The news from these sources was, as said before, often untrue and always late. I have given in my account of Geunyeli an instance of where, when it was a matter of *terrifying* importance, the Governor himself had to be called in to get these minions *to do their ordinary job*.

Again, a light but typical example: a Reuter’s correspondent also saw the British soldiers disguised as Cypriots riding donkeys. He approved of this waking up of military ideas and before sending off his information to London he decided to give the Army a chance to say something useful. He asked the army information office if it was true that soldiers were out in Cypriot disguise. After a quarter of an hour he got his reply. “We cannot discuss security measures.” The army service in this phrase both gave him the confirmation it, for some reason, did not want to give and lost a bit of his friendship through lack of cooperation. It was army and government that required *his* cooperation more than vice versa. If this happened in unimportant matters, one can see how much more futile these organs would be in affairs of great concern.

The Cypriots had their information by word of mouth; their orders by EOKA leaflet. We had nothing effective to counter this within the island.

From the external viewpoint we also failed. In 1902 Winston Churchill promised to review the whole Cyprus sit-



uation. By 1932 nothing had happened and Government House was burned down; in 1954 the Colonial Secretary said that there would never be any change in the status of the island, so the present troubles started with the burning of the British Institute, a nonpolitical organization which always suffers for the deeds of government. That was five years ago. And nothing even was done then.

There is that minority in England, of which I was one, which has an irrational view of Greece and things Greek, in which Greece is an ideal, a platonic essence, but an essence in which even failings only cause delight.

Hellenophiles, often liberals in politics, have for years been pestering successive British governments in the Cyprus cause. Editorials, articles, and correspondence columns in the *Observer* and *Spectator*, for example, bear witness to the warnings, yet governments paid little attention. The Hellenophiles were arguing for the wrong reason, for Cyprus is not the Greece they love, but it cannot be said that successive governments did not have notification of what was to come.

There is another belief held in England, that "Johnny Turk" (as he was once called) is a good fellow and a good soldier, a remembrance of the Dardanelles. There is no particular emotion in us for Turkey as a country; Byzantium never had much appeal; but the Kiplingesque notion of the Turk, fierce in battle, orientally polite over coffee, a carpet and Omar Khayyám, is probably more accurate than the vision held of the Greeks.

So a mustachioed Mediterranean descended from a blond Greek hero and a Turkish wrestler with curly shoes are the half-formed, half-conscious images which have clouded clear thinking.

The Greek Cypriot is not a hero. He has been a slave for centuries and it will take centuries to get rid of the men-

tality. The British "wog" attitude did not help the process of maturation. The loyalty of a Greek Cypriot is to no ideal of good or of liberty, nor to his nation, but just to the intactness of his own skin; after that to his money, which is his social position; and then to his family. There is no other loyalty for the huge majority.

The "Greek Cypriot" is not Greek; the "Turkish Cypriot" is not Cypriot. The Turk is, on the whole, a quiet, humble, kind, meditative, maybe rather dull person. The Greek Cypriot is effusive, good charming company, conceited. His main conceit concerns the superiority of his own intelligence, with the corollary that all Turks are unintelligent; the Turkish resentment of being considered inferior is going to be one of the stumbling blocks to the two races living together. For, even apart from racial reasons, no Cypriot will feel justified in giving a job to a Turk who is, he considers, stupid. Cypriots in business will give jobs to other Cypriots; Turks will be forced to do the same for their own kind; even in the new government service both will promote juniors of their own race. This lack of harmony has existed for four hundred years, although the Greek Cypriots maintain it started a few years ago, when the Colonial Secretary suggested, in a speech in the House of Commons, the idea of partition between the races. Turks, being in a minority for the past eighty years, always outvoted by Greek Cypriots, have been rancorously aware of the contempt in which they are held and how their lives are affected by it.

For Turks are as intelligent as Greek Cypriots, but in a different way—at least I shall believe this until a fair intelligence test is devised that would prove otherwise. Once I worked with a Turkish and a Greek Cypriot doctor on the same ward. Every time we saw a new patient the Cypriot would fling his arms in the air, cry "Ah!" with much the intonation Archimedes might have used saying "Eureka!" and

make an exciting diagnosis. He was a very clever doctor, and was right about one time out of every two. The Turk would say nothing, would be, and appear to be, dumb at the foot of the bed, while he studied the pulse and temperature charts and read the patient's notes. Then he would say, "Excuse me, can I have a look?" and would examine the patient. After thinking a bit longer he would make a provisional diagnosis; it was never so exciting as the Greek's diagnosis but was right more often. Turks think while Greeks talk; alternatively, Greeks think while talking.

The Turks got what they wanted in politics; Cypriots did not, and made everyone unhappy in the process. Who, then, is the more stupid?

For years the Greek Cypriots had been asking for ENOSIS with Greece. The basis for this demand was the quite incorrect theory of racial identity between Cypriots and Greeks; on these grounds, however, the Turks of Cyprus could hardly be required to unite with Greece. Therefore, if ENOSIS were to occur it would imply political and administrative partition of the races, which is all the Turks demanded. They asked for an actual territorial partition on the bargaining principle that "if you ask for something extra, you may get what you want."

If the Cypriots try to "enose" again with Greece, the Turks on the island will simply carve them up. Mainland Greeks, 600 miles away, do not really care about Cyprus at all. Greece is poor and cannot afford a large army, certainly not an effective invasion force. Like most of the poor democracies of the world, it is likely soon to find its own form of communism, in which the fascism of Colonel Grivas will not be approved.

The Turks, although outnumbered four to one, are quite capable, if organized, of dealing with the Cypriots. This is true. Ask the people who live on the island. Should *any*

troops come from mainland Greece, a large effective force would be expected from mainland Turkey almost immediately, only forty miles away. This force was standing by in southern Turkey in late 1958 with ships ready to transport it. Those who served in Korea remember the magnificent fighting reputation of the Turkish troops, for the Turkish Army is one of the largest and best equipped in the Middle East. It has been trained in its time both by the Germans and by us. Yet the Turks only want real peace; but if they don't get it, and if the Cypriots continue "needling" them, there will be holy war.

The only thing which might prevent Turkey from helping the Turks on Cyprus would be a threat by Russia, which borders mainland Turkey in the north.

It is fashionable to say that British negligence and intransigence were responsible for EOKA, but this is illogical. The faults of the British administration were negative faults. With or without these faults some equitable solution would in time have been found for Cyprus, as has been found in other colonies. There might have had to be some initiative taken by the islanders to stimulate the British, of which the most effective, for instance, in these days of world-wide publicity, could have been total passive resistance; but that demanded too much—even EOKA could not enforce a strike—it would have meant being out of a job for a few weeks. Killing, after all, is easier.

But EOKA was not a negative fault. It was a positive evil, and those who were responsible for it were not the mass of the Cypriot people, who suffered, but two men; one evil himself, and the other man either crazy or rather stupid.

Colonel Grivas was undoubtedly brave to stay in Cyprus for four years, always hunted, on the move, in danger from informers, police, and soldiers, when he could so easily have left the island; but, although brave, he is a despicable and

vile man. Maybe it is possible to make out a case for the use of terrorist methods against an aggressor, or a malevolent despot, or against another terror group, but the British were not aggressors, despots, or terrorists, and no other *effective* method of objecting to British rule was even tried. The shooting, in the back, of the young and aged, innocent and defenseless, comes under none of the headings of war. It is simple murder.

Cyprus has been known from antiquity for its killers, but in the old days it was the spectacle, the panache, expertise, and *quality* with which a killing was performed that raised it above the level of brutality—as, say, a bullfight is raised above the stockyard. Grivas' milieu was the stockyard. His enemy refused to descend to his methods; they would not even properly fight the bull.

The other man responsible was a man of the Church, arch-priest of a God he created in his own image. Britain may have been at fault in letting His Beatitude sit in the prime hotel in Athens enjoying power and praise when he should have been taking responsibility in his homeland. He had a duty to his flock, to pronounce to them the fifth of the Ten Commandments: "Thou shalt not kill."

Far more than Grivas, the balance of whose mind may be doubted, is Archbishop Makarios responsible; the balance of his mind being in no doubt at all. He has been most successful so far and is still playing his cards perfectly. Makarios could have, and should have, prevented his parishioners, the flock of his diocese, from killing the British and Turks; but, as we know, he encouraged it, found money and support for it. That, if not pleasant, is understandable. But letting EOKA, his flock, kill and torture other Cypriots, also his flock, whose priest and only protector he was, *that* was dastardly. According to the teaching of his own church, it does seem reasonable that for *that* crime alone, when he dies, unless his

black-robed soul has a radical change, it will go to and rot in hell. *That is his own teaching.* And Makarios, of course, may die quite soon, unless he gets Grivas first.

To those who saw the carnage and the cruelty which his ambition caused—the burnt children, those who heard shrieks from the windows at the first sight of their mutilated dead, or that awful moan of a bereaved lover sobbing the death chant over the cooling body of her man—it is repulsive to see how this hypocrite, a shepherd's crook in his hand, the crucifix around his throat, is starting to be praised even here in England.

When Colonel Grivas finally left the island—calling for "Harmony, Unity, and Love"—the Parliament of Greece gave him the highest honor it could bestow, proclaiming him "Worthy of the Nation." The following day King Paul of the Hellenes conferred the "Order of Valor" and the "Grand Cross of the Order of George I" on this back-street butcher. The next day he got the freedom of the city in Athens and—O shades of Socrates!—the gold medal of the Athens Academy, which had been only once before bestowed, on the Red Cross.

Then Greece quietly, but decisively, dropped Grivas.

But Makarios is still on the make. On the Queen's Birthday in 1959 there was a reception held in Government House in Nicosia. Makarios was there—and English wives queued up to be allowed to kiss his hand.

What is going to happen to Cyprus?

I have met no Greek Cypriot, Turk, or Briton that knows the island who believes for a moment that the peace will last. Since the settlement was arranged, people have been burned to death; others stoned to death; and others killed in more conventional ways. There is a left wing among the Greeks with its labor leader, Ziartides, and intellectual

leader, Dr. Vasos Lyssiarides. There is the extremist right of EOKA still existing and the so-called moderate, but nationalistic, Makarios majority. In addition there are the Turks.

EOKA has handed in about one tenth of its arms, and that the worst tenth. The Turks have prudently retained all their arms, although these are not so much as the Greek arsenal. Recently a Turkish ship, suspected of arms carrying, was challenged and soon after sank, assumed to have been scuttled. The skipper hotly denied scuttling his ship; the sinking was due, he said, to "natural nautical causes."

There will be other arms ships.

Peace is, of course, *possible*; but given the two opposed mentalities—the Greek who must goad and the resentful Turk—peace is most unlikely to last unless the memory of '58 prevents them from making fools of themselves. I don't think it will. With no one there seriously to keep order, the future of Cyprus looks worse than the past.

The ones who will suffer were my friends and patients, most of them kindly, simple folk, five centuries behind civilization. They will suffer even in peace, for I have no doubt that Nicosia Hospital will not provide for them as it did under colonial administration. This, of course, is a generalization—there still are some good doctors in Cyprus, whom I had the privilege of knowing or working under. I am grateful for it. I wish them happiness and success in the times ahead in that so misnamed "Island of Love."









